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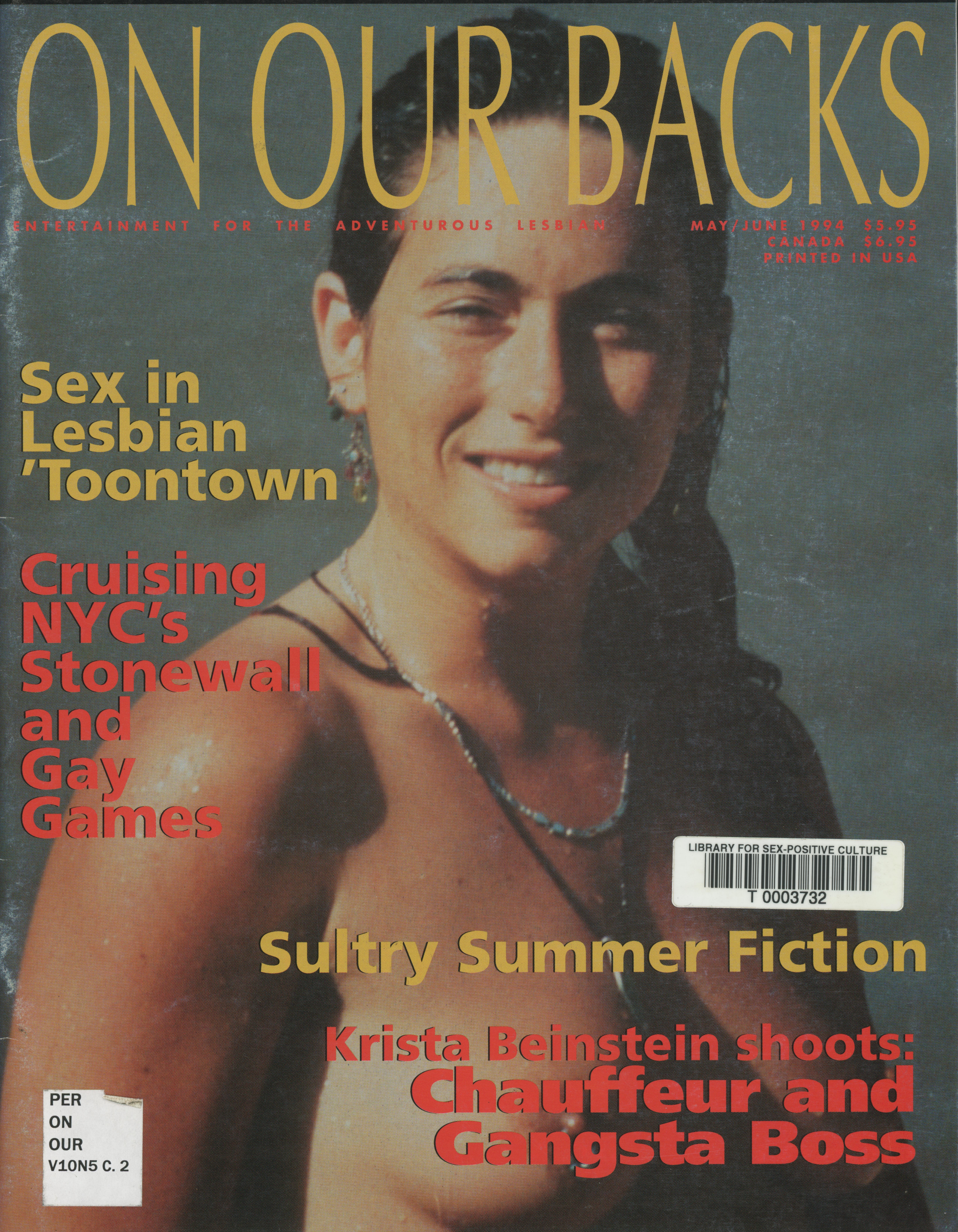

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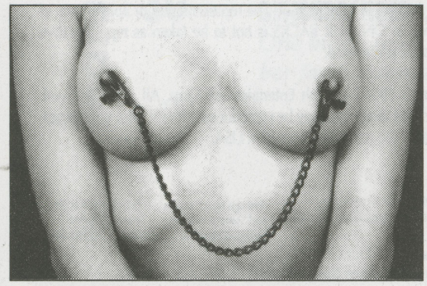

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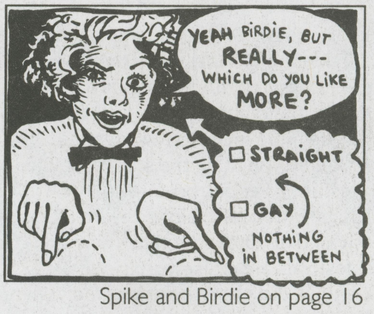
YEAH BIRDIE, BUT REALLY--- WHICH DO YOU LIKE MORE?
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☐ GAY
NOTHING IN BETWEEN

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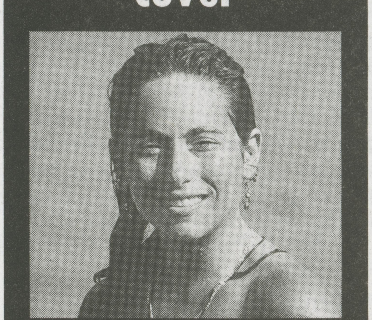


Rhythmfest babes
Photographer: June Parlett

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE DELGADO

Marnie and the ed

What a thrill to be writing you on the eve of the Stonewall/Gay Games celebration in New York City. With all of those activists, socialites, and girljocks on hand, marching may not be the only workout you'll get—so be sure to pack your *On Our Backs*. Your indispensable guide to getting laid in NYC will be this issue's Back Room, written by two of Manhattan's glitterati, *On Our Backs*' contributing writer Catherine Saalfield and Julie Tolentino (you may know Julie from the lesbo layout in Madonna's *Sex*). A big thanks to the Stonewall/Gay Games bigwigs, too, for making us a "Corporate Sponsor." Everyone in the office feels so, well, *corporate*!

For those more inclined toward sex in tents, Rachel Pepper's feature will fill you in on the state of lesbian love at women's music festivals. Pepper, book review editor for *Deneuve* and veteran Michigan attendant, blows the lid off the unspoken truth: beneath all that 100% cotton clothing and crystal healing workshops, festivals are cruisey, cruisey, cruisey.

If you think *that's* hot, the rest of our summer issue is packed with sizzle. I'm particularly excited about our fiction, which is populated by dreadlocked dykes, Rubenesque beauties, an Indian seductress, muscle-bound butches and a queen—a gay male one, that is. Since everyone got so paranoid that *On Our Back's* new editor would pollute our pages with penises, out of sheer perversity I scheduled "Genderbender" right away.

There's a story behind our Chauffeur/Gangsta Boss pictorial: one day last fall a suave, leather-bound, German-speaking photographer waltzed into our office and insisted (through her gorgeous translator Zariamma, who ended up illustrating "True Story" in this issue) that she was infamous in Europe for her S/M erotica, and wanted to take some pictures for us. How could I resist? A fun filled week of photo-tourism followed, during which Krista, Zari and I were nearly arrested by MP's on Treasure Island for shooting porn on Army property. I hope I never get older and wiser.

Will the staff changes at *On Our Backs* never stop? I hope not. I really miss our associate publisher Nan Kinney, who nurtured this magazine from its very beginning and is now in Minneapolis forging a new career, and Marnie De Bois, our ex-ad saleswoman (that's Marnie and me in the photo above, carousing at the Folsom St. Fair). But I love new blood. Joining our crew at our changing, growing enterprise is Mark Nomadiou, our new customer service/boy slave, and Renée Bernardo, a former tile company VP, spike haired mover-and-shaker who'll take over as business manager. They're fab. Engage.

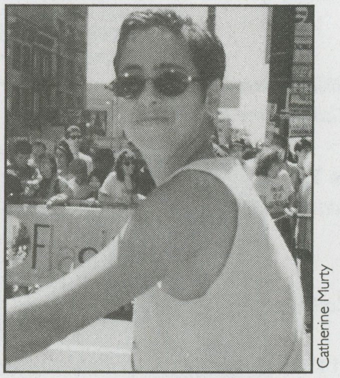
Heather Findlay
Editor

CONTRIBUTORS

Krista Beinstein is a photographer, actress and performance artist who lives in Hamburg, Berlin and Wien, Germany. Her books include *Rituale der Bergierde* (*Ritual of Desire*).

Madeleine is an award winning video artist-producer who has produced and hosted TV shows and video art in Europe, South Africa and the United States.

June Parlett is an award winning artist and current NEA grant applicant specializing in computer imaging. Parlett's cover photo for this issue is the latest addition to her sizable repertoire.



Catherine Murty

Rachel Pepper

Rachel Pepper is a San Francisco dyke with a penchant for tomboys, motorcycles, and Hothead Paisan. She may yet return to Michigan one day, complete with espresso machine and featherbed.

Eve Harris is the pseudonym of a New York City girl who divides her time between writing and loitering outside Pandora's Box.

troi

Troi was raised in Pasadena, Calif., but fled to San Francisco eight years ago to live out the passions of her heart. Although she is a cynic, she exudes romantic qualities.

Julia St. John Clark is a fur-coat-wearing animal lover who just got out of a twelve year relationship that made her feel like a sexless piece of shit.

Zariamma Harat is a painter, actress, writer and illustrator. Based in Berlin, she has travelled and lived in South Asia, San Francisco and various European cities. The erotic and the spiritual are her delights.

Krista Beinstein

Zariamma Harat

Elizabeth "Betsy" Reed is a Florida native who began her career in photography touring through South America with her parents. Her work continues to be influenced by this early multicultural perspective.

C.J. Jones, our house ad model, is a student and aspiring kickboxer. Send donations for her self defense group Hand to Hand's trip to Gay Games IV, to 5680 San Pablo Ave. Oakland, CA 94608; (510) 428-0502.

Dan Savage writes an advice column for *The Stranger*, a straight weekly newspaper in Seattle, Washington. His writing has also appeared in The *Chicago Reader, The Washington* DC *City Pages* and other weeklies.

VIVA DYKE PORN

Way to go, Heather! I am very happy to finally see a written defense of dyke porn [Sexpoint, Nov/Dec '93]. I constantly have conflicts with less open-minded women. And I am the only woman at my job. Without porn I would surely fade away.

Women with my tastes are hard to find. And if you do find them, they want to get married. Whatever happened to meaningless sex anyway? Not that sex has no meaning, understand?

To find the good stuff is hard. I've probably read things that would make most women take cover. Not to mention the fact that I've worked in a straight bookstore for longer than I can fathom. I've read every erotic book at the local bookstore and still desire more. The owner and I had a discussion about [porn] (and the lack of it) which prompted me to write my own. It keeps me single and happy, not to mention feeling justified.

As for Dykes Against Porn, they have my sympathy. They obviously have no imagination. Just think what their sex must be like. Yawn. Better to be us than them. As for their war cry, "Fuck *On Our Backs*," OK! And on your front and on my side! Not to mention in my truck.

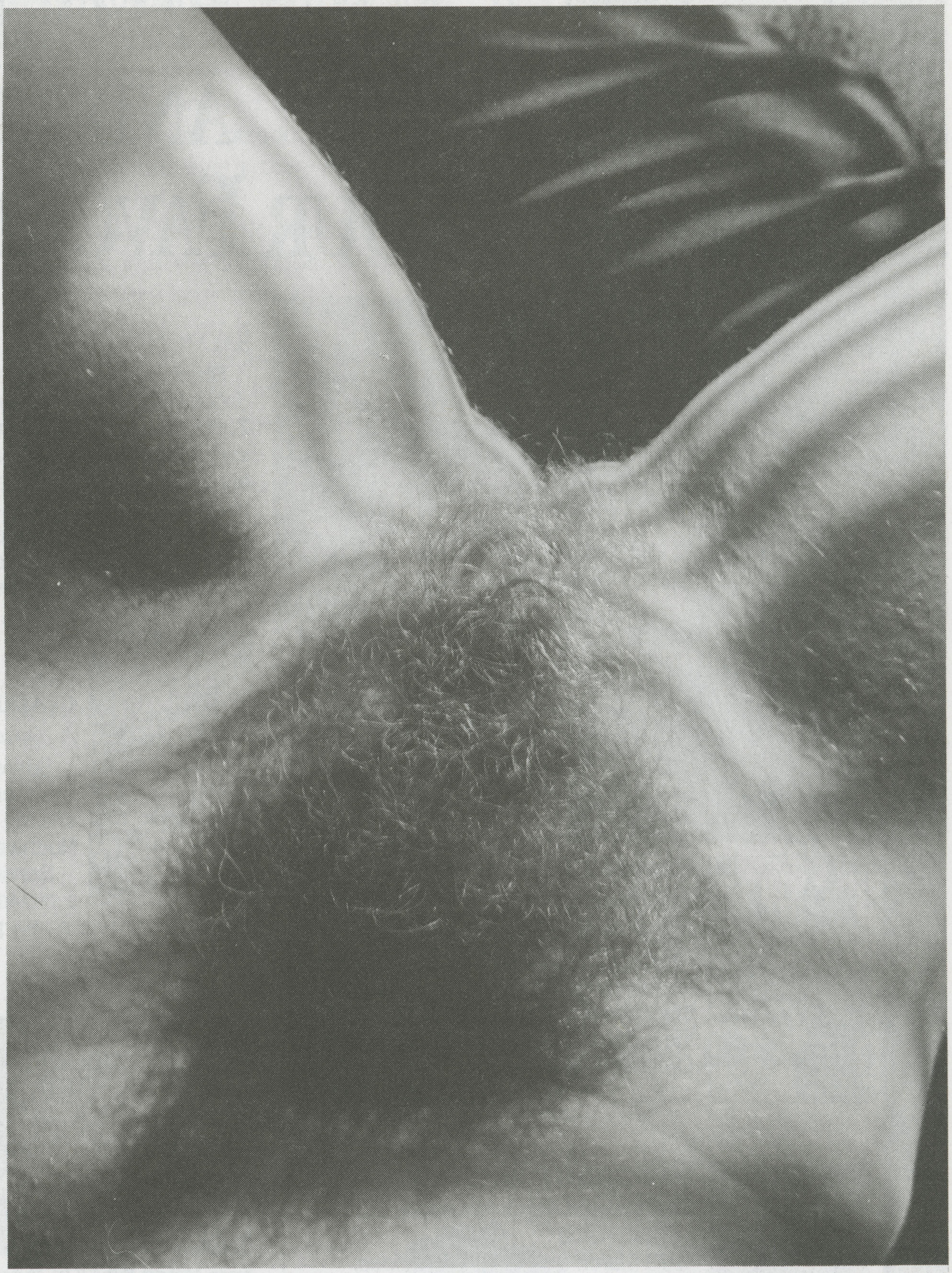
By the way, how about a Back Room about Denver? I live here and have problems getting laid—and I'm great looking. What's up with the Dyke Nation anyway?

Keep it coming ladies. I will devour the next issue with joy and happiness. A content and faithful reader from the Hate State of America,

"Bart"
Lakewood, Colorado

Editor's note: Thanks for the compliment. As for your feelings toward Dykes Against Porn, I think you mean "pity," right? Oh, and don't forget to send On Our Backs *some of that nasty stuff you've been writing.*

On Our Backs *invites letters and comments from our readers. We reserve the right to edit letters for clarity and length. All letters must be signed, although names will be withheld at the author's request.*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELIZABETH REED

"First Thing in the Morning"

BEGGIN' FOR IT

Wow! I'm beggin' baby! Who was that hot lookin' foxy babe on page eight [House Ad, Jan/Feb 94]? I want to wrap my tongue around her like a snake. I'm willing to pay big bucks for information. I want her bad!

I've been receiving *On Our Backs* for several months and I absolutely love it. I'm especially impressed by the layout of the mag. It's very creative. My highest compliments.

Big M., alias Bad Boots
Providence, RI

SEXY AND SUBSTANTIAL

Isheeia and Adrienne [Nov/Dec 93] can visit me anytime! They are familiar faces in my fantasies—and I just got this issue two hours ago. My girlfriend and I have many curves in common with these two, and we know how hot, great, and exciting sex can be between women of sexy and substantial stature. I love fat girls, being one, of course, myself.

Catherine Buck
SC, Pennsylvania

(more letters on page 7)

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(continued from page 5)

MORE PORN, LESS DIETING

Heather Findlay's article "Dyke Porn 101" (Nov/Dec 93) was definitely the best article I have seen about the porn issue. As a former X-rated model, stripper and porn star, I have been defending my right to pose for and purchase pornography for a long time. I recently appeared on the Montel Williams show where I was pitted against right-wing moralists arguing the same clichéd arguments about porn. (After arguing with some militant women's studies professors about it, I'm ready to challenge anyone!)

I definitely was empowered by my experience/exposure in mainstream porno. As a large sized woman (230 lbs.), I was discriminated against daily, and forced to feel fat and unattractive. I love my body now, every inch, and I attribute this to seeing myself looking sexy and beautiful on the pages of those notable publications *Juggs, Gent, High Society, Velvet Talks, Hefty Mamas,* etc. I gained an international fan club, comprised of women and men, and I will never diet again!

I challenge people to redefine pornography. True pornography is kiddie porn, *American's Most Wanted*, and the abhorrent violence seen on our city streets every day. Sex and nudity are beautiful and have been stigmatized for too long.

I consider myself a feminist and a pornography supporter; two names that would have been considered an oxymoron a few years back. But Findlay's essay gives me hope that things are changing. Pornography can be a healthy, stimulating outlet and a lucrative way to make a living.

In some ways, pornography is the vanguard of other media because it acknowledges that fat women, black women, older women, disabled women, etc., all have a sexy nature, and are desirable to someone. That can be a revelation for someone who considers herself a freak.

Thank you for a wonderful essay. May you celebrate your sexuality for many years to come.

Candy Kane
Encinitas, California

POSTCARD FROM THE EDGE

I'm British, on holiday here in Mexico. Your magazine showed up here in this small resort. I truly enjoyed its contents and thought you might introduce me to your readers in the event they may need a friend while in London.

Medusa's Dance [Nov/Dec 93] put me right back into my childhood. In my case, he was a very large man with impeccable taste in clothes. That is probably why I am big, wear Armani suits and am one of three models Georgio uses for his men's wear collection. A designer dyke, if you may. Or the Royal Order of the Muffia with a big dick and urgent desires for those sweet young things with "Daddy" things.

You should tell you closest friends about this place. They have six individual *casitas* (cottages). Five are occupied now with female "play" couples and we do lots of switching and sharing. One highlight is a massage given on a large bed suspended from palm trees during an incredible sunset. Do you know the feeling of 18 hands massaging you at the same time?

Designer Dyke
Colima, Mexico

Editor's note: this letter arrived with a postcard advertising El Refugio de Pepe Telarañas, a resort in Colima, Mexico. In case you're interested in Ms Designer Dyke, she placed an ad in Sapphone this month.

SEES COCKS EVERYWHERE

We can see 'em everywhere, so keep the cock photos for your personal file, dear Ms Editor. We lesbians and bi-gals need a sex rag where we can enjoy ourselves and each other without the presence of men. As for representing male sexual minorities with long-term, blood-filled, epidermally attached dicks, let them queerify the dick-dominated sex rags. Don't turn *On Our Backs* into another example of women's space being submerged, or prematurely made obsolete, by the "queer" agenda, laudable as it is. When we're panting for some fleshy cock with a male ass behind it, we read *Taste of Latex*, or search it out elsewhere. Nobody's calling for the male-produced sex rags to represent the entire spectrum of sexuality; do you have to sacrifice rare women's space to do it? When we're represented by our queer brothers right alongside them in their sex 'zines, then go for it. Tear down the walls.

For now, we lust for a lesbian fuck forum which we can enter, confident that we will see only women's bodies and toys. And we want it to be sophisticated, raunchy, funny, politically astute, controversial: all of the things *On Our Backs* is and can be without men. Stick with women, all kinds. We can't get enough.

Yours in heat,
Melinda Jeanne and Heidi Pollard
Lansdowne, PA

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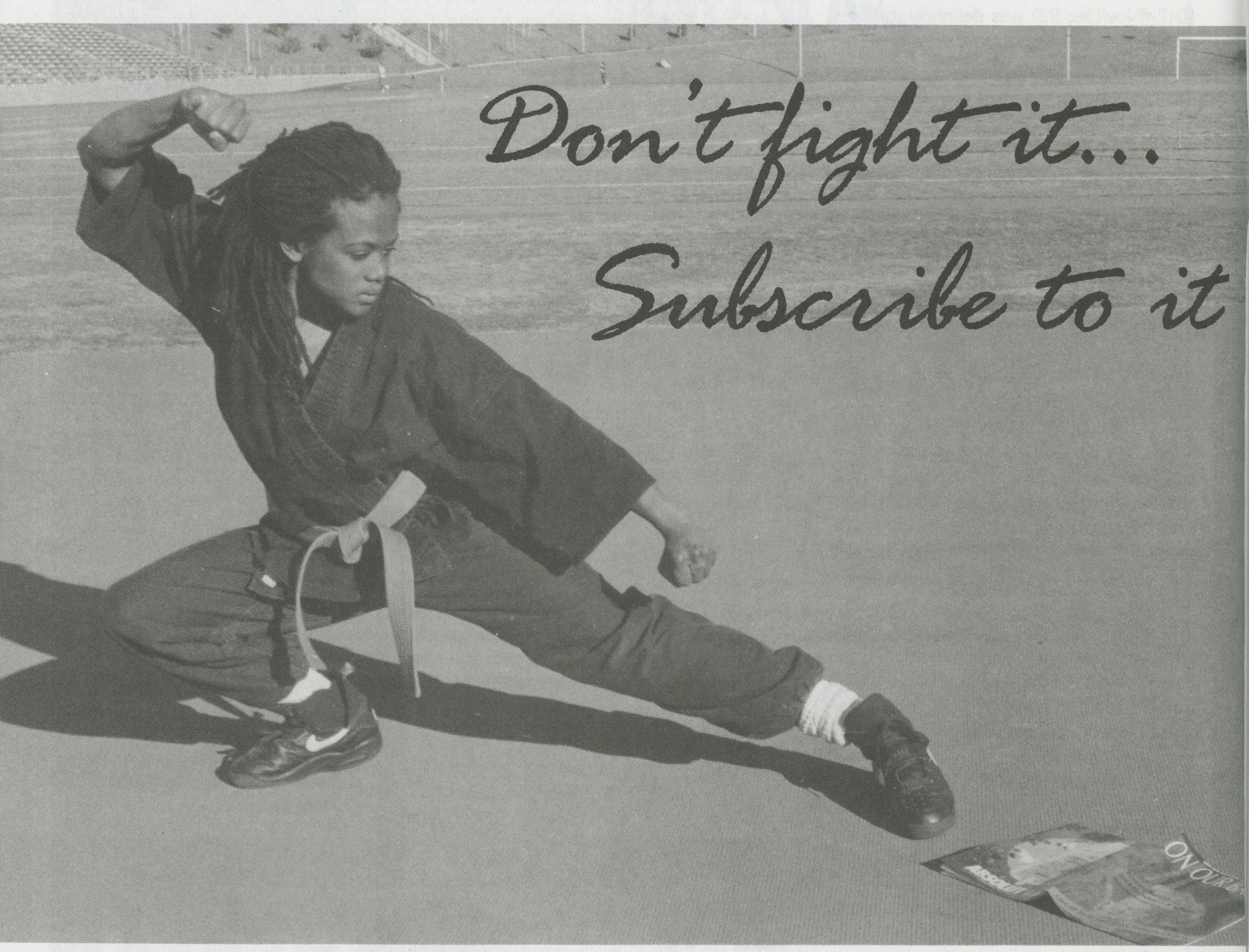
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Dear Fanny: I'm a straight, 24 year old woman who really likes your magazine. I'm writing to you because I think I might be a lesbian. I've had feelings for women before, but all my friends are straight. I live in a small, really conservative, southern town, and I don't even know where to start.

Also, two years ago I was raped. It was a horrible thing. He was a delivery man, and he basically got off because he said I asked for it. The truth is, I was drunk and I just let him have his way because I was so afraid.

I'm worried if I act on my feelings or tell people I'm gay, they will think it's only because I got raped. In a way it's true, because I think guys are really gross now, and I can't stand to have them touch me. What should I do?

—Sexless in South Carolina

If I tell people I'm gay, will they think it's only because I was raped?

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Dear Sexless: What's wrong with this picture? You have feelings for women but all your friends are straight. You can't be with guys because of the rape, and your small town limits your opportunities.

If you really want out of this predicament, only you can decide the course. These days a gay and lesbian bar or organization is within driving distance from almost anywhere. If not, lesbian newsletters and magazines abound, and are delivered to homes and PO boxes on the remotest corners of earth, offering enticing opportunities to contact women by mail or phone. A little research, gas money, a stamp and telephone, along with a dash of personal resolve, will put you in touch with lesbian women eager to make your acquaintance.

Being lesbian or bi means loving women not hating men. If your issues with men are left to stew, your relationships with women are doomed. I urge you to see a therapist. Complex issues arise, when one is raped, that cannot be dealt with in a session or two. Exploring the connection between the rape and your current isolation from others may get you back on track toward living out your desires, instead of just wishing for them.

Ladies, send your queries to:
Ask Fanny, 526 Castro Street,
San Francisco, CA 94114.

Dear Fanny: I need your advice. I think I may be a submissive. I'm in a ten-year old relationship with a woman who, up till now, couldn't wait for me to pay a visit and deal out a whole range of delicious tortures to her. When we were in public, all I'd have to do was think of those beautiful marks on her back, hidden discreetly by her clothing, and I would get very aroused.

Suddenly that has all changed. Maybe it's because we moved in together. Maybe it's because I had some one night stands with women who were bigger, stronger and more "stone butch" than my girlfriend. With these women, I preferred to get fucked, and fantasize in my head that I was a prisoner or whore or something. Whatever the problem is, now I don't like to top my girlfriend anymore, and she's hardly ever in the mood either. This is very disconcerting to me, especially because I am what some people would call a power femme: a well-heeled, professional with a lot of clout, who doesn't want anyone to know I am submissive in bed.

— Used to Top in Toronto

FANNY FATALE

Dear Used To: Honey, you're in good company! There's an old dominatrix axiom: the more powerful professionally, the more submissive sexually. The reality for most people is closer to your own experience: our erotic tastes change and grow throughout our lifetime. Your chances of abandoning your professional life for a stint in the slammer, simply because you are exploring another side to your sexuality, are remote. Don't worry, be happy!

You are undergoing an identity change, in this case sexual, and that is always a troubling situation—for you and your girlfriend. I suspect this is the main cause for the big chill between you two. I am sure your girlfriend is confused and hurt by what sounds like a rather sudden change in you. After all, she just lost her favorite playmate! Have you shared with her the experiences that brought about your newfound interest? Letting her in can ease her feelings of being left out, and give insight into what you're going through. Sharing your changes also leaves the door open for *her* to try "the other side." Now, wouldn't that be fun! Remember, too, that you haven't traded one preference for another, you've simply expanded your sexual repertoire.

If all else fails, perhaps you made a common mistake of moving in with an "affair," and not a woman with whom you want a committed relationship. Cool it with the stone butches for awhile, until you finish the business you started with your girlfriend.

BUTCHSEXY:

k.d. lang in Salmonberries

Sapphic angst in Salmonberries

Three years after its original release, the underground k.d. lang film *Salmonberries* is finally coming to theaters and video stores in the United States. Because of k.d.'s high visibility as a lesbian superstar, and the cult status of director Percy (*Bagdad Cafe*) Adlon, *Salmonberries* raised high expectations among lesbian viewers. Queer audiences will find in this arctic love story much more—and much less—than they imagined.

Back in 1991, *Salmonberries* made the rounds at queer film festivals, and k.d. released the theme song "Barefoot" along with an MTV-style music video. But this odd genderbending film never found a distribution deal, and soon vanished into thin air. Now, apparently, the world is ready to watch k.d. in drag, k.d. in snow boots, k.d. naked in a library, and k.d. in general as queer, butch and bold.

Salmonberries is not the cross-over romance that some dykes may have dreamed it would be. The film is an eclectic "art house" film, an extended metaphor connecting the frigid Alaskan landscape with the story of two women who are unable to "thaw" each other out. Seductions consist of long snowmobile rides across snow covered wastelands, or furtive exchanges through 15 layers of clothing. In sum, if you are looking for flesh, *Salmonberries* is not the film for you. What this film does do, however, is tell a potentially queer tale of love in a cold climate.

k.d. stars as a half-Eskimo orphan called Kotz in search of her origins. Kotz visits a remote library to trace her family lineage; there she meets an older, widowed librarian Roswitha (played stiffly by Rosel Zech), for whom she develops an odd obsession. For the first 30 minutes of the film, k.d. is almost completely silent and—due to her job in a mine where she passes as a boy—she is universally taken for a male.

The world is ready to watch k.d. in drag, k.d. in snow boots, k.d. naked in a library

In the much touted k.d. lang full frontal nudity scene, Kotz reveals her gender by taking off her clothes, flashing Roswitha, and then disappearing into the library stacks. This one second shot of k.d.'s body has little voyeuristic value; it is intended simply as an effective, if somewhat shocking, answer to any questions Roswitha may have about Kotz's sex.

Yet the scene is a significant one. Roswitha, interestingly enough, continues to refer to Kotz as "he," suggesting that for her, anatomy is not equivalent to gender identity. Moreover, she later refers to Kotz's display as a "strip tease"—which it is not—and her attitude towards Kotz warms noticeably after this scene.

In ways similar to Jane Campion's *The Piano*, *Salmonberries* manages to open up interesting erotic possibilities by making the main character mute. In fact, k.d.'s silent performance as an Eskimo boy is the most queer and convincing aspect of this weird film. As a silent presence, k.d. manages to express a range of complex emotions: she is moody, melancholy, violent, sexy and intense.

As you might imagine, then, things go downhill once k.d. begins to speak. Kotz's subsequent interactions with Roswitha are too cheeky, and too demanding for the amateur actress that k.d. proves to be. The dynamic

(continued on page 42)

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

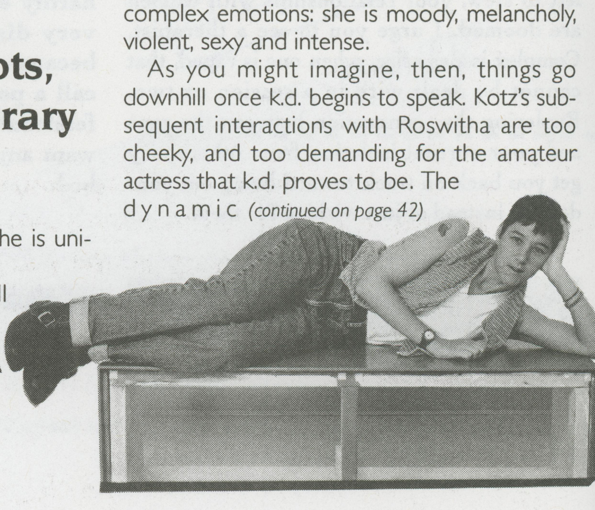
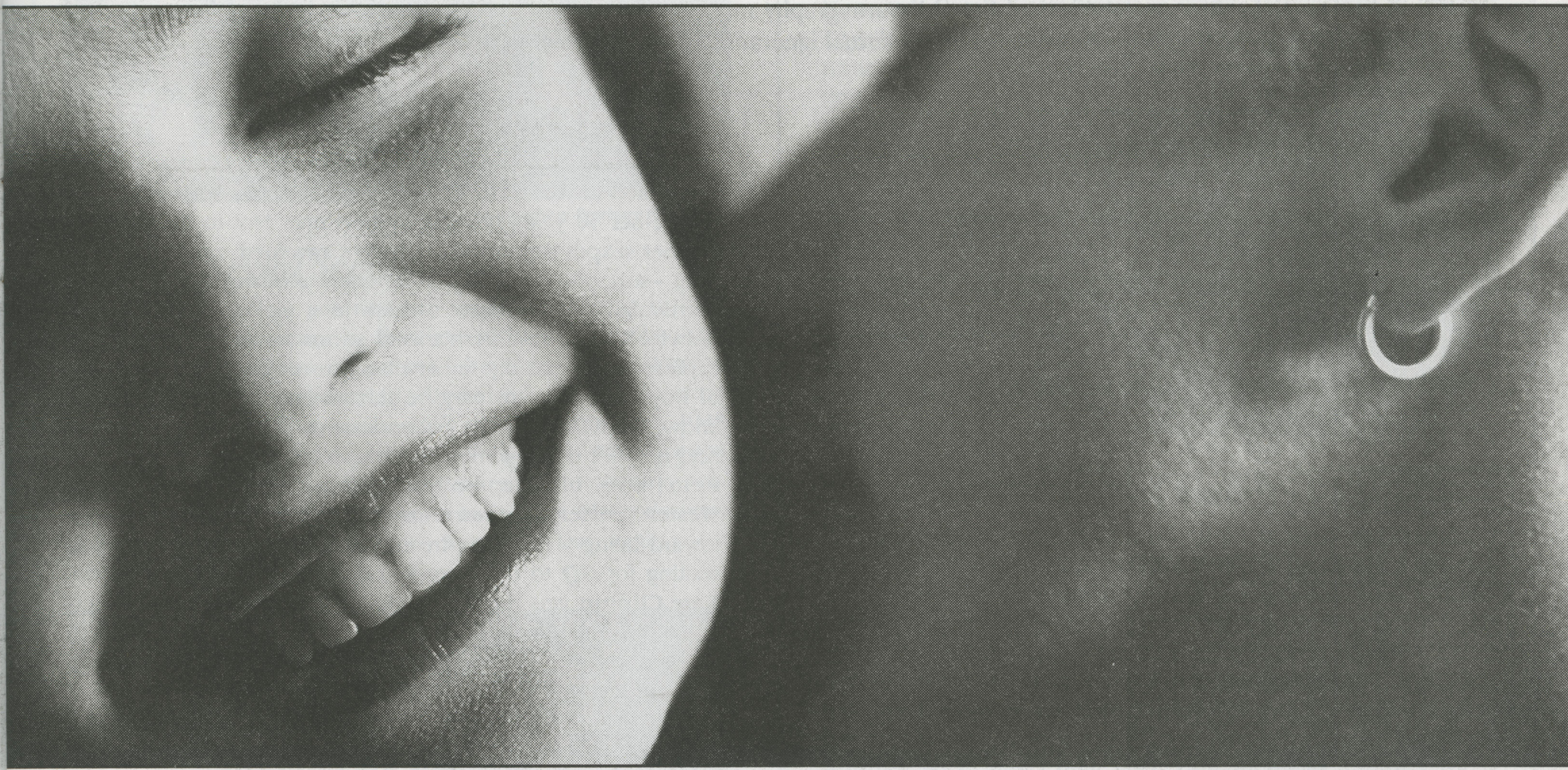


PHOTO: MICHAEL YAMMOTO

"THE HOT LESBIAN TICKET OF THE YEAR! sweetly romantic and refreshingly authentic. A brash and understated charmer."
— elizabeth pincus, L.A. Weekly



a film by
rose troche

GO
fish

the samuel goldwyn company in association with islet presents a can i watch pictures/KVPI production
a film by rose troche go fish v.s. brodie guinevere turner t. wendy McMillan migdalia melendez anastasia sharp
original score brenden dolan & jennifer sharpe editor rose troche executive producers christine vachon & tom kalin
director of photography anne t. rossetti written and produced by guinevere turner & rose troche
directed by rose troche

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SEX, NEWS & CENSORSHIP

ON OUR BACKS keeps you up-to-date with the latest sex-related news and gossip, and informed about the wave of censorship threatening free expression in the U.S. and worldwide. As different as *On Our Backs* may be from mainstream pornography, we are allies in the struggle against censorship and the anti-pornography movement. So you can keep reading this magazine and other "subversive" materials, take a stand. Be informed. Fight sexual ignorance and censorship.

LESBIAN CONNECTION

BARRY MORGENSTEIN

Stern's Lesbian Dating Game.

God Sends Lesbians to Howard Stern

"Lesbians are a Godsend," bleats **Howard Stern**'s newly released autobiography, ***Private Parts***, and not even $1.5 million in **Federal Communications Commission** fines can stop this TV and radio shock jock's obsession with lesbian sex. The book, which opens with a chapter titled "My Philosophy: Lesbians, Lesbians, Lesbians," debuted on the ***New York Times*** bestseller list and has sold over a million copies. Stern tells a little about his own private parts ("My penis is the size of an acorn"), and a lot about his callers who claim to be lesbians (including one who accidentally wandered into a lesbian bar and had bathroom sex—in a stall with a bed!). Despite Stern's insistence that he "cannot fathom the ass as a sex object," *Private Parts* chronicles his early homosexual experiences, and recent—unsuccessful—attempts to get his wife to penetrate him anally. If Stern's accounts of his Lesbian Dating Game and Planet Lesbos skits don't arouse you, then Stern's black co-host **Robin Quivers**—who is rumored to be a dyke—just might.

Can't Do Anything Right

After a botched attempt to kill his estranged wife and her lesbian lover, a **Nevada** man was sentenced to seven years in prison. **Judge Wilbert Banks** contended that although the man intended to kill the women, Nevada's 20 year maximum sentence wasn't warranted due to "mitigating circumstances"—apparently, the husband testified that he plotted the homicide because he "felt like a failure."

Co-Moms Lose Again

Georgette Prescott of **Santa Rosa, Calif**. thought nothing would stop her from seeing her 8-year-old daughter, **Eleanor Prescott Blume**. But the girl's biological mother did just that, and a California appellate court backed her up. For five years Prescott and her ex-lover, **Kerry Blume**, shared custody of the child Blume conceived through alternative insemination. Prescott then sued her ex for a "declaration of parental rights," but the court ruled only "natural" or adoptive parents could be recognized, while "de facto parents" can gain custody or visitation only if parental custody is deemed harmful to the child.

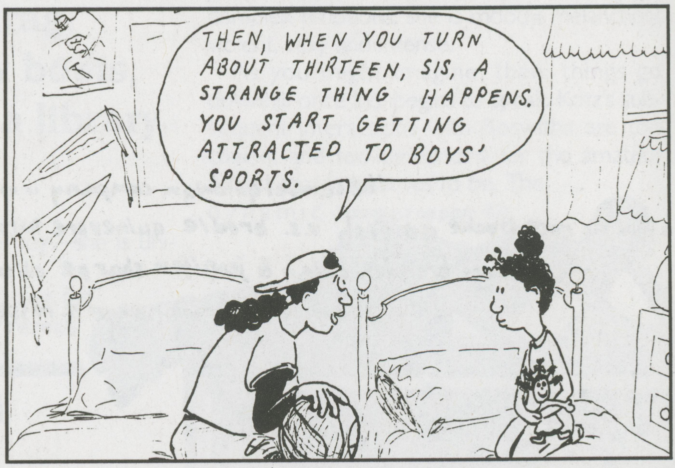
Lesbian Chic Keeps Going

"Who cares?" That's how sexy model/actress **Lauren Hutton** responded to rumors that she's had numerous lesbian liaisons during her 50 years of fame and fortune. Not to be outdone, another sexpot supermodel, **Cindy Crawford**, put in her own plug—sort of—for dykes in a recent ***Rolling Stone*** article: "Particularly for younger women in a world of AIDS," said Crawford, "I've said [lesbianism] seems to be a safer way to explore your sexuality rather than screwing around with a lot of boys." Lesbianism may be the way to go for girls in the know, Cindy, but are we just another prophylactic on your list? And now for dyke glamour: with upcoming features on **Fem 2 Fem** and blonde bombshell comedienne **Suzanne Westenhoeffer**, ***Glamour*** magazine itself may be on its way toward being a hip mainstream lipstick lesbian rag. We're still waiting for ***GQ*** to do a profile on the debonair **Lea Delaria**. **Kate Clinton** gets the last laugh: "Lesbian chic makes me nervous," the classic dyke comic remarked. "When a woman chooses a woman, she may or may not be chic, but you can bet your ice pick she's radical."

Putting Camp Back on Campus

Not even the tweed-bound body of academia is immune to lesbian chic. Scholarly books in lesbian and gay studies, including **Judith Butler**'s ***Bodies that Matter***, **Eve Sedgwick**'s ***Tendencies***, and **Terry Castle**'s ***The Apparitional Lesbian***, were the biggest sellers at December's mammoth **Modern Languages Association** conference. Among hip and heady students, gay girl profs are achieving minor star status, as is evidenced by the appearance last year of ***Judy!***, a fanzine dedicated to Butler, which featured scurrilous gossip (including an alleged turkey-fisting incident at a Thanksgiving dinner attended by Butler), as well as a quiz to determine "are you a theory buiscuithead?" High scores were awarded to readers who could, in twenty pages or less, prove that **Sigmund Freud** was a lesbian.

STONEWALL RIOTS BY ANDREA NATALIE


THEN, WHEN YOU TURN ABOUT THIRTEEN, SIS, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS. YOU START GETTING ATTRACTED TO BOYS' SPORTS.

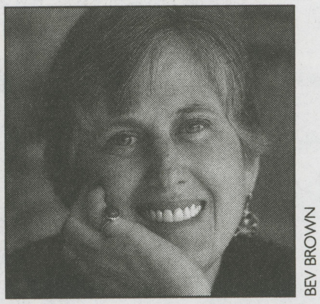
STEVE SAVAGE

The Five Lesbian Brothers play havoc

Sapphic Serial Secretaries

Aileen Wuornos has got nothing on the girl gang in ***The Secretaries***, a new play by the New York City ensemble **The Five Lesbian Brothers**. This female bonding farce features a murderous cult of high-heeled, big-haired, Slimfast-guzzling secretaries who kill a lumberjack each month on a PMS induced "empowerment night." San Francisco's **Rhinoceros Theater**, the longest standing gay theater in the country, premiered the play to record audiences in January. No male boss in the audience will forget April 27, Secretaries Day, again.

Women Lovin' Women Banned



BEV BROWN

Tee Corinne

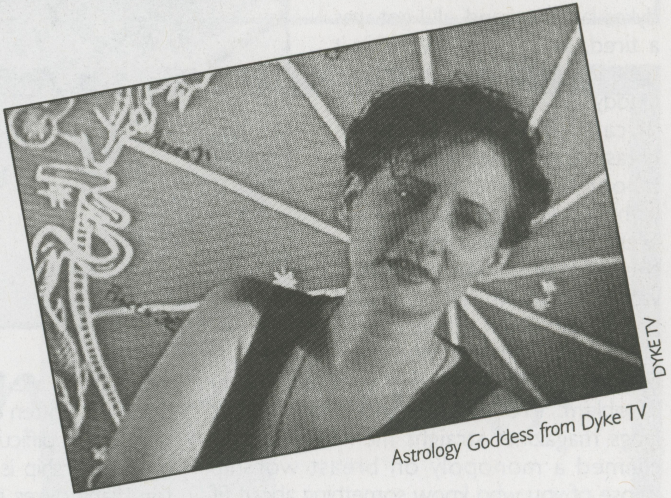
Ten years after her ***Cunt Coloring Book*** heralded a new wave of feminist erotica, writer/photographer **Tee Corinne**'s latest publication ***Lovers***—described by ***Feminist Bookstore News*** as "the most vanilla of lesbian erotic titles"—has joined several other lesbian works on **Canada Customs**' "prohibited" shelves. Border cops deemed the book "pornographic and degrading to women," and drew on Canada's recent **Butler** decision [see Sex, News and Censorship, Jan/Feb '94] to suppress it. No strangers to censorship, Corinne's books have been banned in Australia and Thailand (any predictions for Corrine's forthcoming book, ***The Body of Love***?). Lovers has been re-released by the appropriately titled **Banned Books** in Austin, Texas.

Transvestite Murdered in Corn Capital

While cross-dressed lesbians have become de rigueur in San Francisco and New York, recent events in **Humboldt, Nebraska** are a reminder that transgenderism is still taboo in the heartland. **Teena Brandon**, a 21-year-old cross-dressing lesbian, was kidnapped and raped last Christmas after locals discovered that "Brandon"—who apparently hung out at Humbolt's convenience store cruising babes—was a woman. After Brandon reported the rape, her attackers returned New Year's Eve and killed her along with two of her friends, **Lisa Lambert**, 23, and **Phillip DeVine**, 22. City officials have been criticized for their handling of the case: Humboldt's ***Fall City News***, for example, included the fact that Brandon was a cross-dresser when it reported her last fall for writing a bad check. After the rape, **Sheriff Charles Laux** gathered a 100 page report on the assailants, but failed to arrest them, citing "lack of evidence."

No Southern Comfort Here

Since the **Justice Department** got involved, the harassing phone calls have finally stopped for **Brenda and Wanda Henson**'s **Camp Sister Spirit** in **Ovett, Mississippi**. It may be a while, though, before they forget the image of the dead puppy someone shot and hung over their mailbox. The folks of this tiny gulf south town are protesting the Hensons' plans for a feminist retreat that evolved from their years running **Sister Spirit**, a women's bookstore in **Gulfport**. The camp, managed by lesbian and straight women, will spearhead food banks, clothing drives, literacy projects and health care programs. The Hensons have reported numerous phone calls by the **Klu Klux Klan**, gun shots, armed men roaming their property, vandalism, bomb threats, anti-queer letters, and a daily chorus of "Hey, faggots" yelled in unison by schoolchildren, cued by the blast of their bus driver's horn. "[The Hensons] can pick up our little girls and take them to this place and do whatever they want to," said **Clint Knight**, echoing the concerns of neighbors who claim that, since "homosexuals aren't born that way," the Hensons need to "recruit" local women. Since many of Ovett's public officials are leading the fight against Camp Sister Spirit, the **National Gay and Lesbian Task Force** has called in the **Federal Bureau of Investigation** and the Department of Justice. The Hensons—who live half an hour from an ambulance and the police—have purchased some help of their own: a 30-30 rifle and a shotgun. "I'm scared," Wanda Henson told the ***Advocate***. "If you get in my face, that's going to be the end of you, not the end of me."



DYKE TV

Astrology Goddess from Dyke TV

Happy Birthday Dyke TV

Watch out Ted Turner! **Dyke TV**, produced by lesbians looking to "subvert the mainstream media blackout on lesbian lives," will celebrate its one year anniversary next month. The snappy show airs weekly in Denver, Atlanta, Austin, Brooklyn and numerous other cities, and features political commentary by **Ann Northrop**, who delivers the facts as only a former network correspondent can. Lest ye think Dyke TV is all work and no play, think again. There's health, arts, sport, herstory, astrology and—an *On Our Backs* favorite—"Dyke Dish," the spot to watch if you're a celebrity skirt chaser. Another fave: "I was a Lesbian Child," a take off on ***Comedy Central***'s "Mystery Science Theater," that screens photos and home movies with lesbian voice-overs. Popcorn and soda pop required.

DIANE ANDERSON

LESBIAN *Breast* WORSHIP

HEATHER FINDLAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOE

More so than any lesbian body part, Goddess-given or store-bought, breasts and nipples are an ideological battle ground.

True, they haven't triggered as much heated language in feminist circles as their sister in silicone, the dildo. But that's the point, so to speak. For lesbians, there is an untapped reservoir of fear, anxiety and desire beneath the notion of breast worship.

When I solicited help with this article from a carload of dykes last weekend, all I got was a tired, saggy, "ugh." Why is it that fisting, buttfucking, and Daddy play are today the stuff of cafe conversations, while breasts and nipples seem almost taboo? One would think that with an average of four boobs in every act of lesbian lovemaking, these mammalian wonders would be identified pure and simple with all-girl action.

After all, in straight male sexuality, they are. I believe this is part of the "problem." From Renaissance Madonnas to *Juggs* magazine, straight men have blithely claimed a monopoly on breast worship. Those of you who know something about fifteenth century painting and modern censorship, know that there's nothing natural about these genres'—or their het male readers'—predilection for titties both pert and ponderous. Michelangelo and DaVinci, for example, were fags. If corporate advertisers wouldn't pull the plug on *Playboy*, moreover, that bosom-burdened bastion of "men's entertainment" might be more invested in clit and pussy.

Nevertheless, there's still something uncomfortably "male" about breast worship. A quick perusal of feminist erotica—including *On Our Backs*—will turn up very few of the classic breast-oriented poses (shirt pulled up slightly over the nipples, etc.). It's almost as if we lesbians are afraid to tread on such well trod—and often exploitative—ground.

Another difficulty some lesbians have with breast worship is what I call the tomboy factor. Many dykes mark their fall from grace at the pubescent moment when the evil agent of estrogen caused them to grow tits. It's not a question of whether you identify as butch, even though a number of butches I've slept with do not appreciate having their breasts touched. Some of them go so far as to demand that I leave their undershirts on during sex. In any case, breasts are a painful reminder to many of us that we no longer have the privilege (and the fun) of being boys.

Butches do, however, have a thing for their *lovers'* breasts. Nothing makes my sweetie more content than to plant her nose at the top of my cleavage. She then gently lifts my breasts to her cheeks. Last week this simple gesture even caused her to say "Mama" ("That's Mama sir to you!" I replied, thinking Freud might have something to say about *this* little interaction).

Of course there are exceptions to the rule against public lesbian breast worship. Annie Sprinkle's bosom ballet comes to mind (my dear friend Claire proudly displays a photo of herself, crowned by Annie's gigantic knockers, on her fridge). And when it comes to breast and nipple decoration, lesbians, fags, and other sexual outlaws rule the field. There's hardly a lesbian left in San Francisco without a nipple piercing or breast tattoo. All those Los Angelean femme-femme couples should, with the help of lacy underwires and push-ups, raise lesbian culture to new highs in lingerie. Lesbians have proven to be experts, too, when it comes to eroticizing differently-abled breasts; the ubiquitous Hella Hammid photo of a modern Amazon, arms reaching toward the sky, mastectomy proudly displayed, is evidence enough of that.

There's room for improvement, though. Few lesbians realize that there is no physiological reason that nipples shouldn't be considered sex organs. Like your clitoris and vagina, your stimulated nipple fills with blood, gets swollen, and becomes very responsive. A stiff tit is, in fact, a natural lesbian erection.

I've never witnessed it, but a few women reported to Masters and Johnson in the 60's that breast rubbing alone can bring them to orgasm. One of the breast-orgasmic lesbians I know actually *prefers* her lover to stimulate her breasts over her pussy. When she's being fucked or sucked, added attention to her breasts can produce, in her words, "incredibly intense" climaxes.

The one time a breast-orgasm almost happened to me, it was after a good half hour of sucking, pinching, rolling and biting. I learned from this experience that, for breasts to be truly worshiped, one must discard immediately the notion of feeling up as "second base." If you are going to treat your lover's breasts as sex organs, then don't bestow them with only a few caresses on your way down to her bush.

Some lesbians are also guilty of reducing the breast to its nipple. The truth is that the entire breast can be an erogenous zone. Chesty women report to me that the flesh beneath their breasts is a particularly voluptuous—and vastly underrated—area. Inserting one's tongue, hands, head or whatever else will fit in there can lead to untold ecstasies. And the possibilities for fantasy in these cases are endless. Think about it: with that warm, damp fold between the boob and the upper abdomen, it's as if full figured gals have three cunts, one between their legs and two beneath their breasts.

This kind of fantasy, I'm sure, lies behind the wonderfully perverse act of titfucking. *Plenty* of lesbians titfuck. To place a dildo in the hot, sweaty crevasse between two huge boobs, and then to pump—right there where everyone can see it—only makes explicit our universal, if unconscious, association between cleavage and crotch.

From Renaissance Madonnas to *Juggs* magazine, straight men have blithely claimed a monopoly on breast worship.

Some informal research confirmed my suspicions that bra busters are generally more sensitive than blips on the pectoral horizon. The roots of this are probably as much psychological as they are physiological, and I'm sure there are many exceptions. Alas, I am not one. On a good day my meager melons will fill a mere B-cup, and they are medium sensitive, so I like my lovers to pinch, nibble and clamp so that I can feel what they're doing.

Implements always help sensitize nipples. A trip to your local sex toy store will reveal a wealth of tit clamps—some of them very elaborate—that have the added advantage of freeing hands for other activities. A trip to your local hardware store can produce electrical clamps, chains, and even string that (with a pair of pliers or a slip knot) can be

(continued on page 38)

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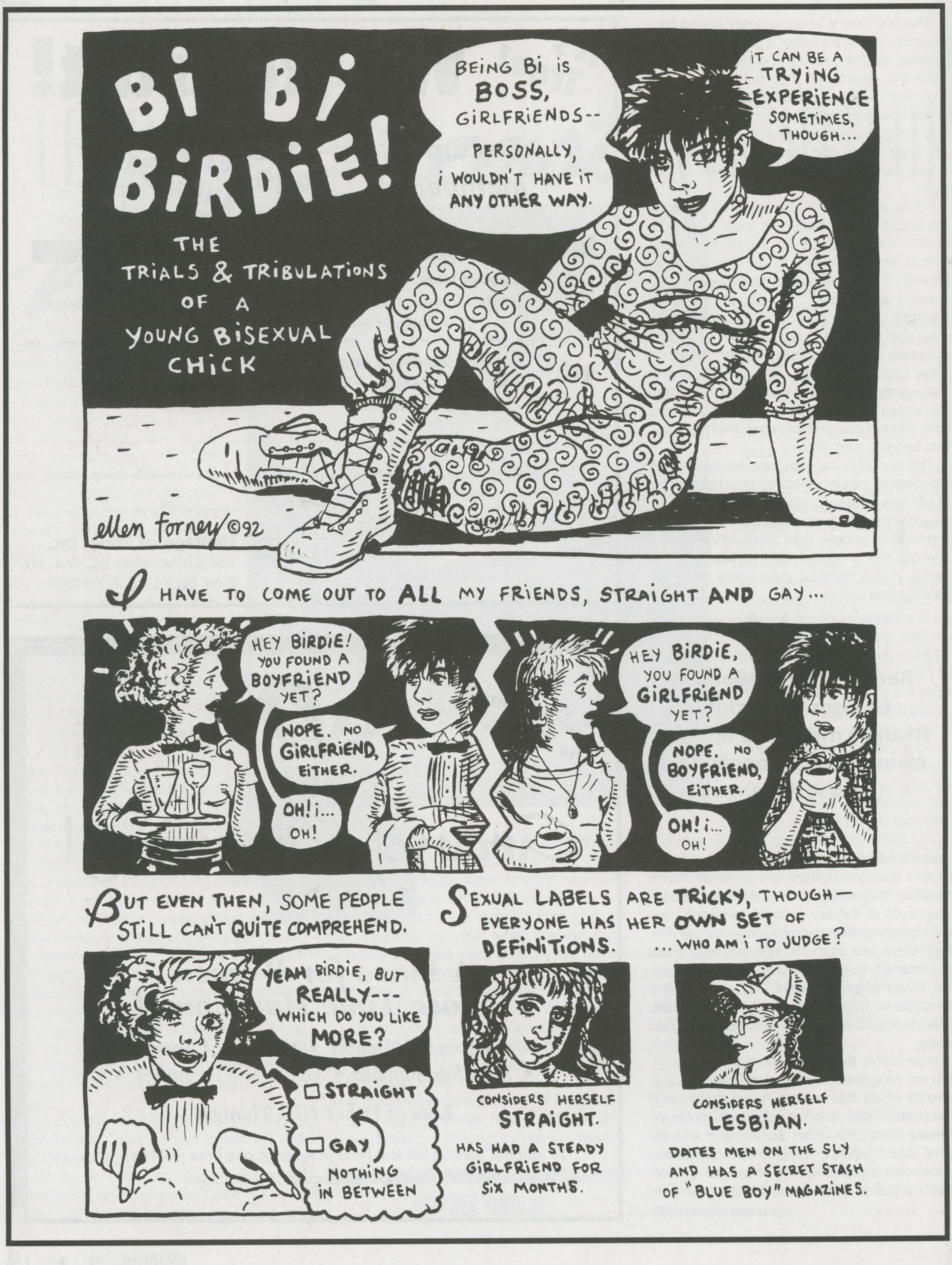
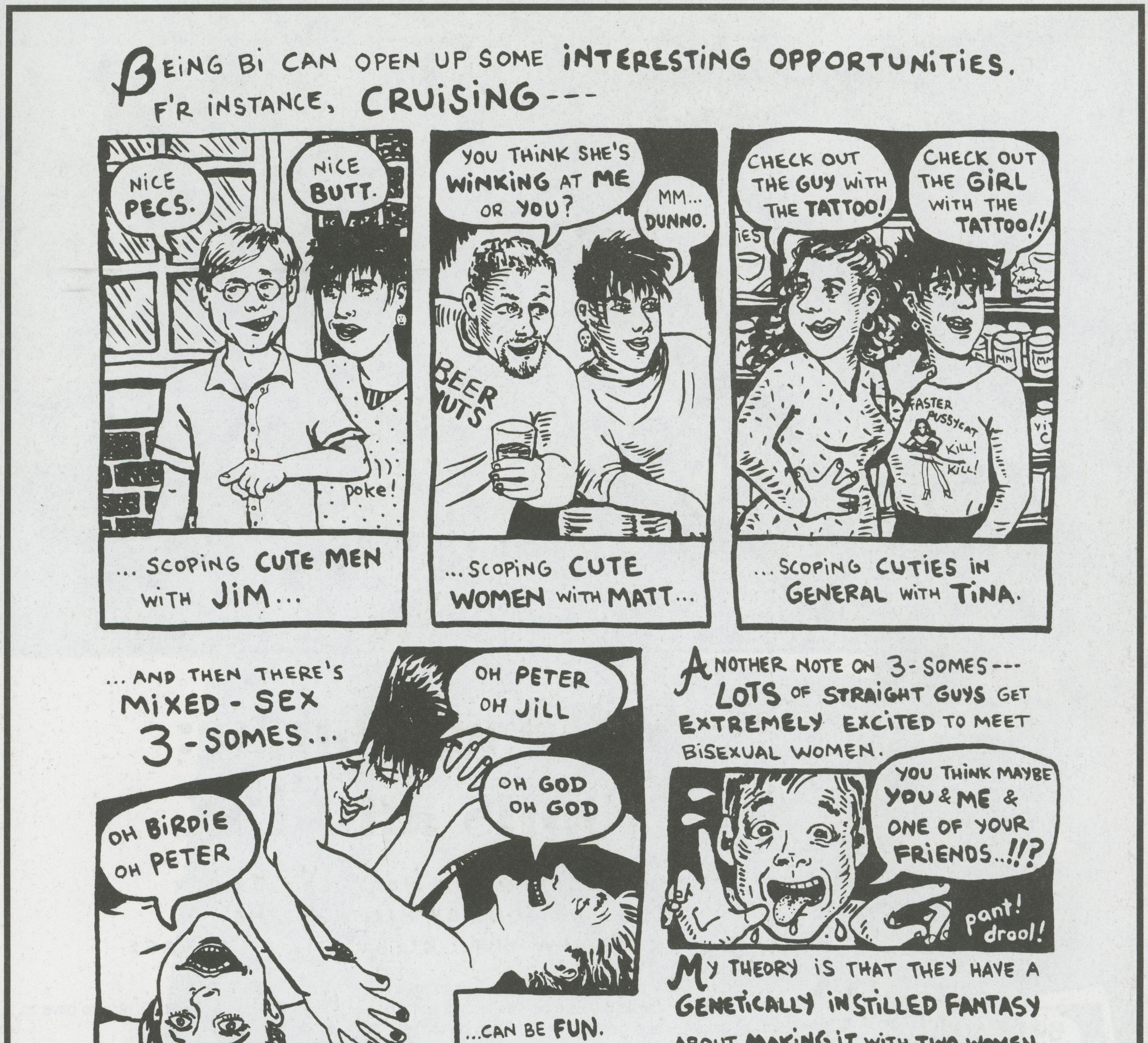
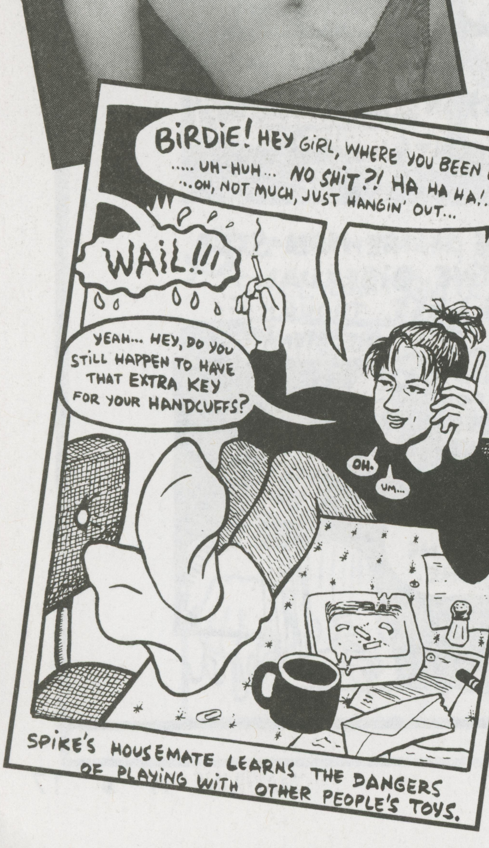

Bi Bi BiRDiE!
THE TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS OF A YOUNG BiSEXUAL CHiCK
BEiNG Bi iS BOSS, GiRLFRiENDS-- PERSONALLY, i WOULDN'T HAVE iT ANY OTHER WAY.
iT CAN BE A TRYiNG EXPERiENCE SOMETiMES, THOUGH...
ellen forney ©92
I HAVE TO COME OUT TO ALL MY FRiENDS, STRAiGHT AND GAY...
HEY BiRDiE! YOU FOUND A BOYFRiEND YET?
NOPE. NO GiRLFRiEND, EiTHER.
OH! i... OH!
HEY BiRDiE, YOU FOUND A GiRLFRiEND YET?
NOPE. NO BOYFRiEND, EiTHER.
OH! i... OH!
BUT EVEN THEN, SOME PEOPLE STiLL CAN'T QUiTE COMPREHEND.
YEAH BiRDiE, BUT REALLY--- WHiCH DO YOU LiKE MORE?
☐ STRAiGHT
☐ GAY
NOTHiNG iN BETWEEN
SEXUAL LABELS ARE TRiCKY, THOUGH— EVERYONE HAS HER OWN SET OF DEFiNiTiONS. ... WHO AM i TO JUDGE?
CONSiDERS HERSELF STRAiGHT.
HAS HAD A STEADY GiRLFRiEND FOR SiX MONTHS.
CONSiDERS HERSELF LESBiAN.
DATES MEN ON THE SLY AND HAS A SECRET STASH OF "BLUE BOY" MAGAZiNES.


BEING BI CAN OPEN UP SOME INTERESTING OPPORTUNITIES. F'R INSTANCE, CRUISING---
NICE PECS.
NICE BUTT.
poke!
...SCOPING CUTE MEN WITH JIM...
YOU THINK SHE'S WINKING AT ME OR YOU?
MM... DUNNO.
BEER NUTS
...SCOPING CUTE WOMEN WITH MATT...
CHECK OUT THE GUY WITH THE TATTOO!
CHECK OUT THE GIRL WITH THE TATTOO!!
FASTER PUSSYCAT KILL! KILL!
...SCOPING CUTIES IN GENERAL WITH TINA.
...AND THEN THERE'S MIXED-SEX 3-SOMES...
OH PETER OH JILL
OH GOD OH GOD
OH BIRDIE OH PETER
...CAN BE FUN.
ANOTHER NOTE ON 3-SOMES--- LOTS OF STRAIGHT GUYS GET EXTREMELY EXCITED TO MEET BISEXUAL WOMEN.
YOU THINK MAYBE YOU & ME & ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS..!!?
pant! drool!
MY THEORY IS THAT THEY HAVE A GENETICALLY INSTILLED FANTASY ABOUT MAKING IT WITH TWO WOMEN.
DEALING WITH PARENTAL DISAPPROVAL IS ALWAYS A CHALLENGE.
WISH SHE'D FIND A NICE BOYFRIEND.
WISH SHE'D SETTLE DOWN WITH A NICE GIRL.
GOTTA BE ME, DAD! MOM!
STRAIGHT DAD
LESBO MOM
THE STEREOTYPE OF THE NON-STOP SEXUALLY ACTIVE BISEXUAL COULDN'T FIT ME LESS, THOUGH--- ...UNFORTUNATELY.
SO BIRDIE - YOU FOUND A BOYFRIEND OR A GIRLFRIEND YET?
NO. LEAVE ME ALONE.
end.


BIRDIE! HEY GIRL, WHERE YOU BEEN AT? ..... UH-HUH... NO SHIT?! HA HA HA!... ...OH, NOT MUCH, JUST HANGIN' OUT...
WAIL!!!
YEAH... HEY, DO YOU STILL HAPPEN TO HAVE THAT EXTRA KEY FOR YOUR HANDCUFFS?
OH.
UM...
ellen forney ©93
SPIKE'S HOUSEMATE LEARNS THE DANGERS OF PLAYING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S TOYS.

Spike and Birdie: 'Toons and Pix

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HEATHER GARRICK
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLEN FORNEY
INTERVIEW WITH ELLEN BY DAN SAVAGE

DS: *How much of your work is autobiographical?*

EF: Birdie is based on me, and Spike is based on a good friend of mine. It's nice to have an alter-ego, because then "I" can do things...

DS: *You can project things onto your alter-ego?*

EF: Exactly.

DS: *How do your friends feel about getting dragged, kicking and screaming, into your comics?*

EF: Spike is getting a big kick out of it; she's an even bigger exhibitionist than I am. And she really is straight, too; she's had a steady boyfriend for over a year.

DS: *You're not worried about dragging a lot of negative male energy into* On Our Backs *by appearing with a woman whose body is regularly defiled by the patriarchy?*

EF: Down, boy! These photos—she looks like she's not having such an awful time, though, huh? I do have the honor of owning the only set of breasts, other than her own, that she's ever cradled in her palms. I have the negatives.

DS: *As a bisexual, do you feel like a part of the gay and lesbian community?*

EF: There's still a lot of prejudice against bisexuality in the gay communities. A couple of my lesbian friends date men, but are embarrassed and feel compelled to lie about it, and that's fucked up.

DS: *One of the things I liked very much about "Bi Bi Birdie" is its humor, and right now in the bi-activist approach to the gay and lesbian community, there isn't very much humor being employed.*

EF: Humor is essential! It's easier to make people laugh about subjects that make them uncomfortable, like sexuality. I think it's also immensely important for us to be able to laugh at ourselves. It's a great way to accept ourselves and to accept our quirks. You know..."I can't believe I'm crushed out on a married woman AGAIN! Am I ridiculous or what?"

DS: *How old were you the first time you had sex with a guy?*

EF: Sixteen.

DS: How old were you the first time you had sex with a girl?

EF: Twenty-two. She wasn't exactly a girl, though; she was twelve years older than me. Wait—twenty-one? Twenty-two?

DS: *Old enough to drink whatever you wanted to.*

EF: (Laughs) Yes, I believe red wine was involved, actually.

DS: *If your ideal woman walked through that door and your ideal man walked through the other door, which one would you jump at first?*

EF: Oy! What door? How does my hair look? No really, I'd be torn.

DS: *I guess you really are bisexual! If I was into chicks, I'd beat off to those pictures. I like this howling banshee one. I've made that face.*

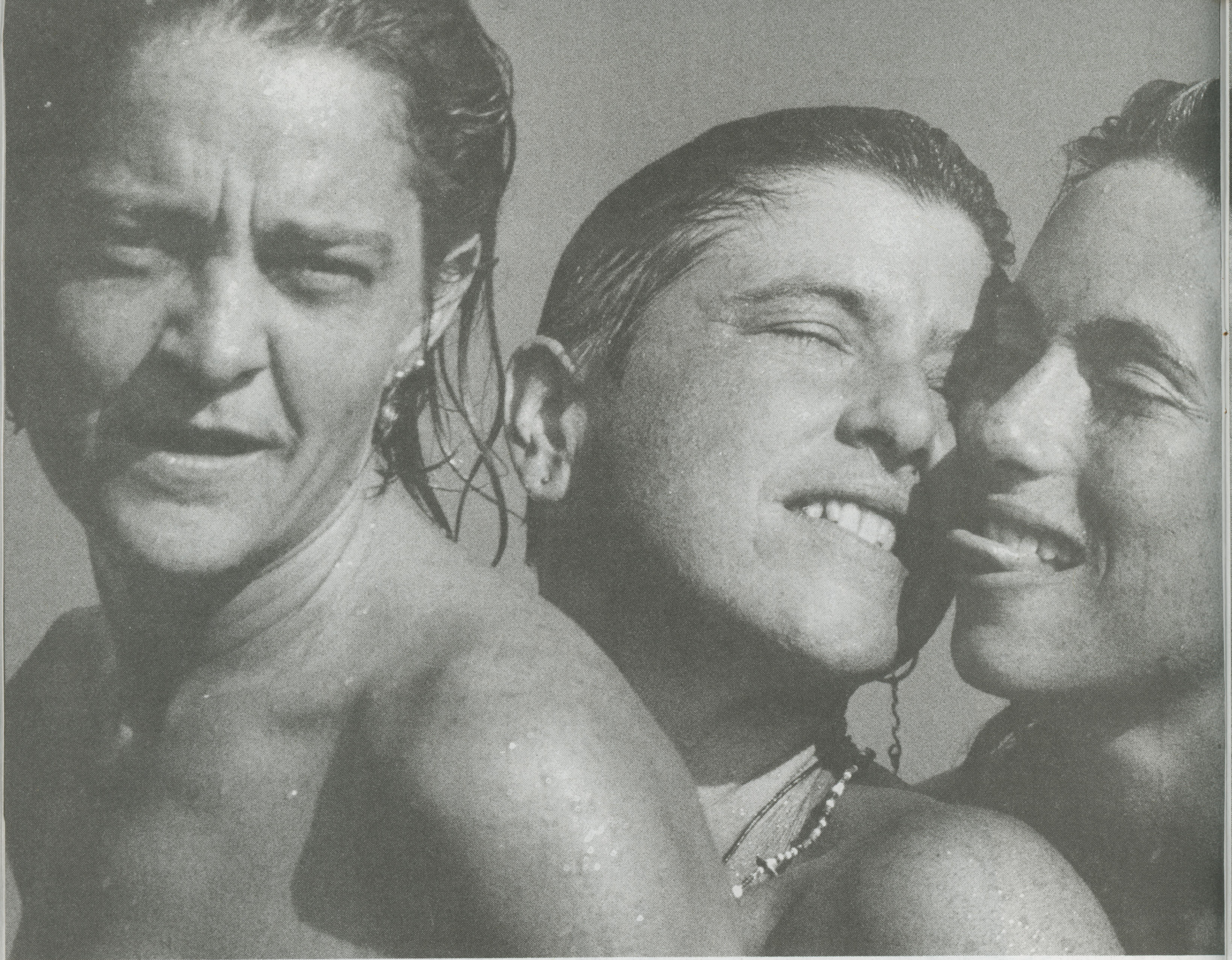
EF: A lot of women fantasize about appearing in porn...

DS: *Are you one of those people who got in trouble in grade school for doodling and drawing cartoons in class?*

EF: I did doodle a lot in school but never got in trouble. I was always a really good girl, a real goody-goody.

DS: *When did you leave goody-goodyness behind?*

EF: I started cursing in ninth grade, and it's all been downhill from there.



Festival Fling

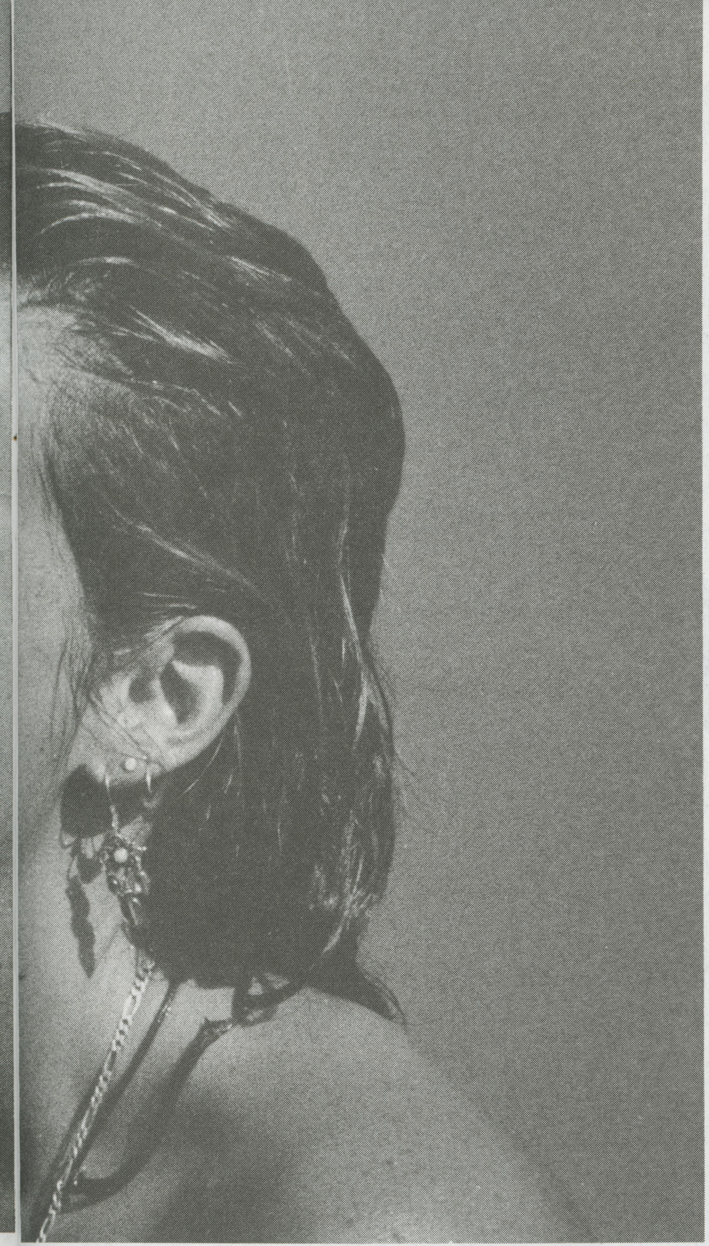
JUST HOW SEXY ARE WOMEN'S MUSIC FESTIVALS?

Imagine this, if you will:

It's around midnight on a hot August night, the second you've spent at the women's music festival. About an hour ago, it started raining, a steady stream of drops falling onto your tent in a lulling, rolling rhythm. The earthy scent of the woods mingles with the smell of musk inside your warm, dry tent.

In your arms lies the sexiest woman you've ever seen, the one you've been cruising non-stop for the last twenty-four hours. Finally, she's succumbed, and you've actually got her naked next to you. Her lips, joined with yours, are warm and soft and commanding, and your body's pressing against hers with an urgency you'd forgotten you possessed. Although it remains unspoken, there's no doubt to either of you that this is purely a physical thing. After all, in another day, you'll be three thousand miles apart. Is this the perfect sexual encounter, or what?

RACHEL PEPPER



For many women, it just might be. It's also a fairly typical rendering of the girl-meets-girl, girl-fucks-girl women's music fest fling. Do women go to music fests to hear music anymore, or do we just come to come? Although festival producers try to hide it, there's no denying that for many women these days, a music festival ain't nothing without a concert and a lay—or more—a day.

So what about these festivals? In general, festival promoters have been slow to publicize their events in the press. When it comes to sex, I quickly discovered that promoters are even more hesitant to field questions about their festival's fuckability factors.

Although the people of Hart, Michigan, have grown used to the annual invasion of up to 8,000 lesbians there, fest organizers who don't own their land, particularly in the South, are experiencing unprecedented problems this year finding a space to rent. Consider the case of Brenda and Wanda Henson, whose 120 acre "Sister Spirit" enclave in rural Mississippi has been under attack from homophobic neighbors fearing that lesbians will "recruit" local girls. You'll begin to understand why fest organizers have been loath to look for the limelight, much less advertise their cruisiness.

Although many women have never heard of some of the smaller festivals—with names like Campfest, Wimminfest, or Spiritfest—mention the word "Michigan" to most lesbians worldwide, and they'll know you mean more than the state. Publicized primarily by a single brochure and the garrulous lesbian grapevine, Michigan has become the code word for the quintessential lesbian experience, and the largest annual gathering of dykes in the world. It's a rite of passage for new dykes, a spiritual mecca for others, and a sexual cornucopia for still many more.

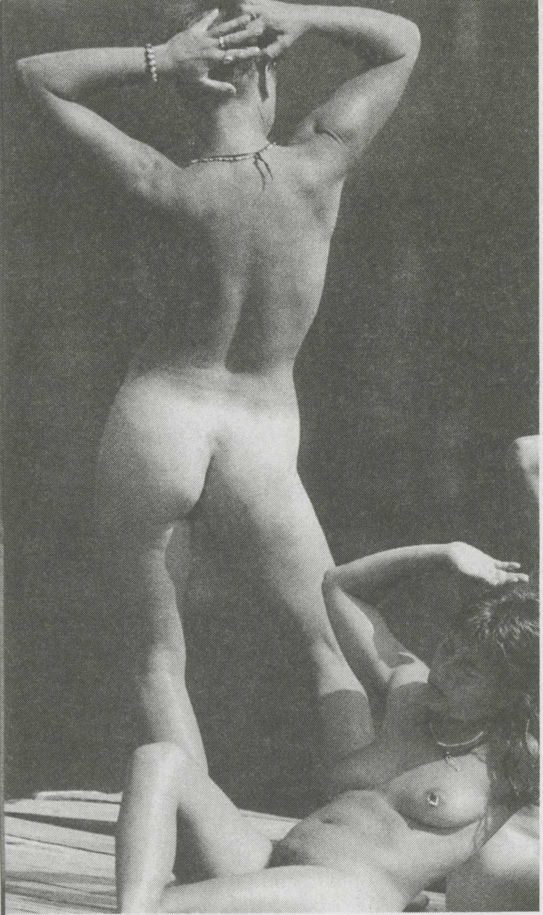
Unless you've actually been to a fest, it's easy to dismiss woman-only spaces as passé, a laughable remnant of 70's style, cultural feminism. One thing that even the most jaded dyke should be able to understand, though, is that women's music festivals are a great place to get laid. And more often than not, the sex is unlike any soft-core, fluffy fantasy that most people—including some of us—associate with lesbian love.

Finding a festival like Michigan is a journey unto itself. After a multi-hour drive from the Chicago area, you've passed through many small towns, some with coincidentally telling names like Fruitvale and Ferryville. Suddenly your gaydar is going full force. One look around you on the road will prove that carloads of lesbians, packed to the gills with sleeping bags, tents, clothes and camping gear, are zooming by.

After you've been lost several times because of a myriad of directions written out like a secret code on an old napkin, you finally make it to the dirt road that bumps you toward the well-guarded entrance of the fest. Passing through the gates into Michigan, you leave your technology dependent, cranky, city selves behind in the lot with your car. From there on in, it's you, your tent, and your libido. You're never quite sure which will emerge intact.

It's not hard to figure out why women's music festivals have become the fuck fests they are today. First, there's the music. Whatever you might think about "women's music," it's is a veritable celebration of women's lives, including our sexualities. Each year, the acts may range from old school singers like Holly Near, to fresher talent like Ani DiFranco. This year, some festivals are getting less cautious about booking new blood. Michigan, in fact, will break the festival sound barrier by hosting the homocore band Tribe 8. Although in past years many performers kept quiet about their sexuality, this new wave of out lesbian bands have—thankfully—decided to make sex the central focus of their work.

Two Nice Girls were probably the first band to sing wantonly about lesbian lust. The year they performed a collective orgasm from the Day Stage at Michigan, I heard several audience members fainted.



Since Two Nice Girls split up several years ago, Girls in the Nose, another Austin-based band, has taken up the slack. It's a responsibility which Nose lead singer Kay Turner takes seriously.

"Our job is to sing songs about lesbian sex, so we take it upon ourselves to get the girls grooving and moving in that sexual direction," says Turner. Turner describes her connection with her fans as "a major sexual energy, a give and take between us and those girls out there...they all start piling to the side of the stage, stripping their shirts off, sweating profusely, and giving it to us as much as we're giving it to them."

While music certainly sets the stage, even more important is the fact that fests attract hundreds, sometimes thousands of lesbians—many of them single and looking for action. Instead of everyday, urban stress management, your main concern becomes this: If and when I ever manage to set up my tent, who will I end up fucking in it?

And then there's the nudity factor. Most festivals offer the option of wandering around absolutely clothes free. It can be a bit overwhelming to think that for the next three days, you can do nothing but cruise other women, many of them butt-naked. Tanned breasts, asses, and abs in all sizes and colors are visible everywhere in all their unrestrained glory.

Do women go to music fests to hear music anymore, or do we just come to come?

All this leads to the most empowering—and erotically charged—atmosphere any dyke could ever imagine. Having gone to my first Michigan fest with a lover, I know this can be inspiring. Imagine sitting naked in the sun in a field of hundreds of lesbians, with no cares in the world but devouring a whole pint of Ben and Jerry's ice cream! Or watching the Northern Lights shoot across the sky, huddling together under a blanket in the moonlight, listening to women performers sing the praises of lesbian love. Yes, it's just as heady and romantic as it sounds.

Other times, this prelapsarian paradise can be hell. With so much to choose from in this sexual candy store, wouldn't you rather try an alluring new flavor?

"Taking your lover to a women's music festival," quips stand-up comic Mimi=Freed, "is like bringing a sandwich to a banquet." In fact, the consensus among many women is that, due to the highly sexual atmosphere, monogamous relationships may well be the second thing—after a few layers of clothing—that women shed at music festivals.

Melissa Fowler, who first attended Michigan about ten years ago, agrees. "When people go up with their lovers, they usually break up," she says matter-of-factly. As a young dyke at her first fest—seasoned pros would call her, tellingly, a "festi-virgin"—Fowler says she remembers that the "overwhelming" atmosphere "len[t] itself to affairs...it's in the nature of the festival." Although she's not accustomed to casual affairs, Fowler reports that every year she's attended, she's been able to share a physical connection with another woman. "I've always felt safe there to be vulnerable to a total stranger."

For single girls, the erotic tension may be one of the most memorable Michigan moments. Says Turner, "Women's festivals are one major crush zone...they're definitely a charged sexual arena...anyone that you meet is a potential consideration, because that's just what a lesbian festival is all about."

Jennifer Gillmor, an erotic photographer now in her late 20's, remembers her first Michigan affair with fondness. It was back in 1986, with a British woman we'll call Liz. Says Gillmor, "Starting in the evening, we went on what I call a 'fucking hike' all over the land, ending up in the woods, in the sand, and by the fire pits. When the sun came up, we were still going at it." After Jen stumbled back to her campsite, "my friends cleaned up the scratches" Liz's nails made in her back.

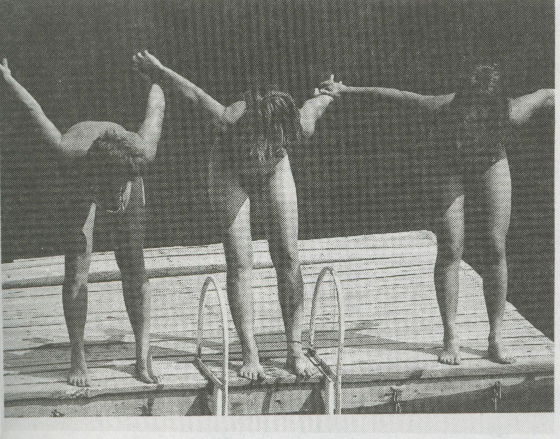
Although Gillmor says that "One of the thrills of the Michigan fest is seeking out my festival fling," she thinks women looking for sex should avoid being too obvious about it. "Don't be on constant cruise control," advises Gillmor, "and your chances of scoring are better." She should know. She's only been there twice, and the second time, in 1990, she met me.

That was one weekend I'll never forget. Under different circumstances the constant rain might have put a damper on our passion. It didn't. I will savor the memory of those two nights we spent together as one of my fondest fucks. Better yet, what started as a semi-anonymous encounter in a rain-soaked tent has evolved, four years later, into an enduring friendship—even though we live on opposite sides of the continent. We have only the magic of Michigan to thank.

Are women's music festivals the female version of gay bath houses? When I asked this question of Lisa Vogel, Michigan's co-producer, she laughed and politely disagreed. Still, she did note that "almost everyone I know has had an affair at a festival."

How does this happen so easily at festivals when, back home, lesbians are always complaining they can never get a date? Vogel attributes this in part to the "sense of communal living" that permeates the fest. She says many women are often "personally liberated" during their stay at Michigan and, as such, "are willing to try on different risk-taking behaviors." In one short weekend, women may break up with their lovers, have casual affairs, and even start new long-term relationships.

Vogel suggests that when it comes to their sexual behavior at festivals, "women sort of feel like there are no consequences." If this is the case, are women having



safe sex? "I sure hope so," Vogel says. Three years ago Michigan's official Cuntree store began stocking safe sex supplies like dental dams and lube. Along with woman-made dildos and vibrators, an Eve's Garden mini-store at the fest also sells such necessities.

Vogel had to chuckle again when I asked how her festival ranked for fuckability. She wouldn't say, but she does consider that sexual behavior at Michigan will echo the attitude of the national lesbian community. "If the lesbian community is in a sex-positive state, then our festival will be too."

Apparently, the sex-positive state of the lesbian nation hasn't changed much over the years. Despite the sexually cautious 80's, Vogel thinks the erotic zeitgeist at Michigan has remained pretty constant since the time of the festival's conception nineteen years ago. "And the 1970's," she says, "were a time when the women's community was sexually wild."

Are straight women who attend music fests swayed by the terrific lesbian energy swirling around them?

"A lot of women do come out at the festivals," says Vogel, due to "the cathartic environment" of being around 8,000 other women. Vogel's comments confirmed the sweetest wet dream of many a lesbian, and the worst nightmare of many a religious right-winger: many straight girls who attend do have their first same-sex experience at Michigan.

Although the Michigan fest has had its critics over the years among S/M and transsexual lesbians, Vogel maintains that her fest is committed to maintaining its "support for alternative expressions...we're not in a position to tell anyone not to have any kind of sex." Fest organizers may not want to see Dyke Daddies leading their baby dykes around on a leash, but there are always lots of leather dykes at Michigan, and they're always able to find one another.

Gretchen Phillips, former lead singer of *Two Nice Girls*, has been attending the Michigan Fest as a performer and festi-worker since 1982. Back in her young punk days, Phillips remembers meeting her first leather dykes at Michigan, and bonding with them over their mutually hard-core musical tastes. The sexual appreciation came soon after.

"If I'd never gone to Michigan," she says, "I might not be as sex-positive as I am now...In so many ways, Michigan has defined my sexual libido." Moreover, "the times they are a' changing...[Michigan] has become a more S/M tolerant space," and every year, there's a sizeable percentage of workers who identify as S/M dykes. As a result, numerous scenes take place on the land—if you only know where to look.

Phillips adds that it's more advantageous sexually to work a fest like Michigan than to be a paying customer. "You have more fun as a worker," she says, "because then you have a bunch of girls wanting to fuck you."

Although Vogel wouldn't acknowledge on record that she's aware of S/M activities at her fest, group play parties and scenes continue to occur in semi-isolated spots. These include behind the acoustic stage and in an area Phillips identified as "the ozone." One year I went, there was a "Slave Auction" where women were traded for fake money that the auctioneers handed out beforehand. The event, however, was by invitation only, so if you weren't in the know, you lost out.

Public sex may not be in abundance at women's music festivals, but it certainly occurs. Last year, it was rumored that a "jill-off" tent had been set up for raunchy Michigan workers, and one tent was labelled as "Come Again Acres" because of the high volume of moans it emitted.

No surprise, too, to find that pre-festival, the most popular place to have sex was on the almighty Night Stage. Says Phillips, "I've fucked on the Night Stage before a concert...a lot of girls have fucked on the Night Stage, behind the acoustic stage, and even in the kitchen."

Seems like women will fuck just about anywhere at a women's festival, except maybe in the PortaJanes. For the average fest-goer, though, it'll probably be her own tent which will provide the most action. And since there's no insulation around these nylon sheaths, your neighbors may know whether or not you're getting it. Correction: they may not notice if you aren't, but they'll definitely notice if you are.

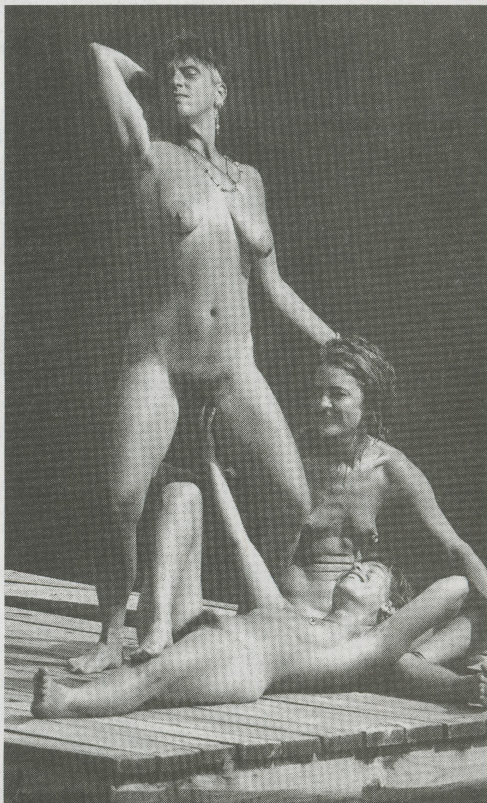
At most festivals, women are having sex around the clock. Turner puts it this way: "Getting a wake up call from the tent next to you as they go into a major orgasm...well, that's just the kind of alarm clock that lesbians are really good at providing at a women's music festival." Trouble is, you just never know when the alarm's gonna go off next.

"Taking your lover to a women's music festival is like bringing a sandwich to a banquet"

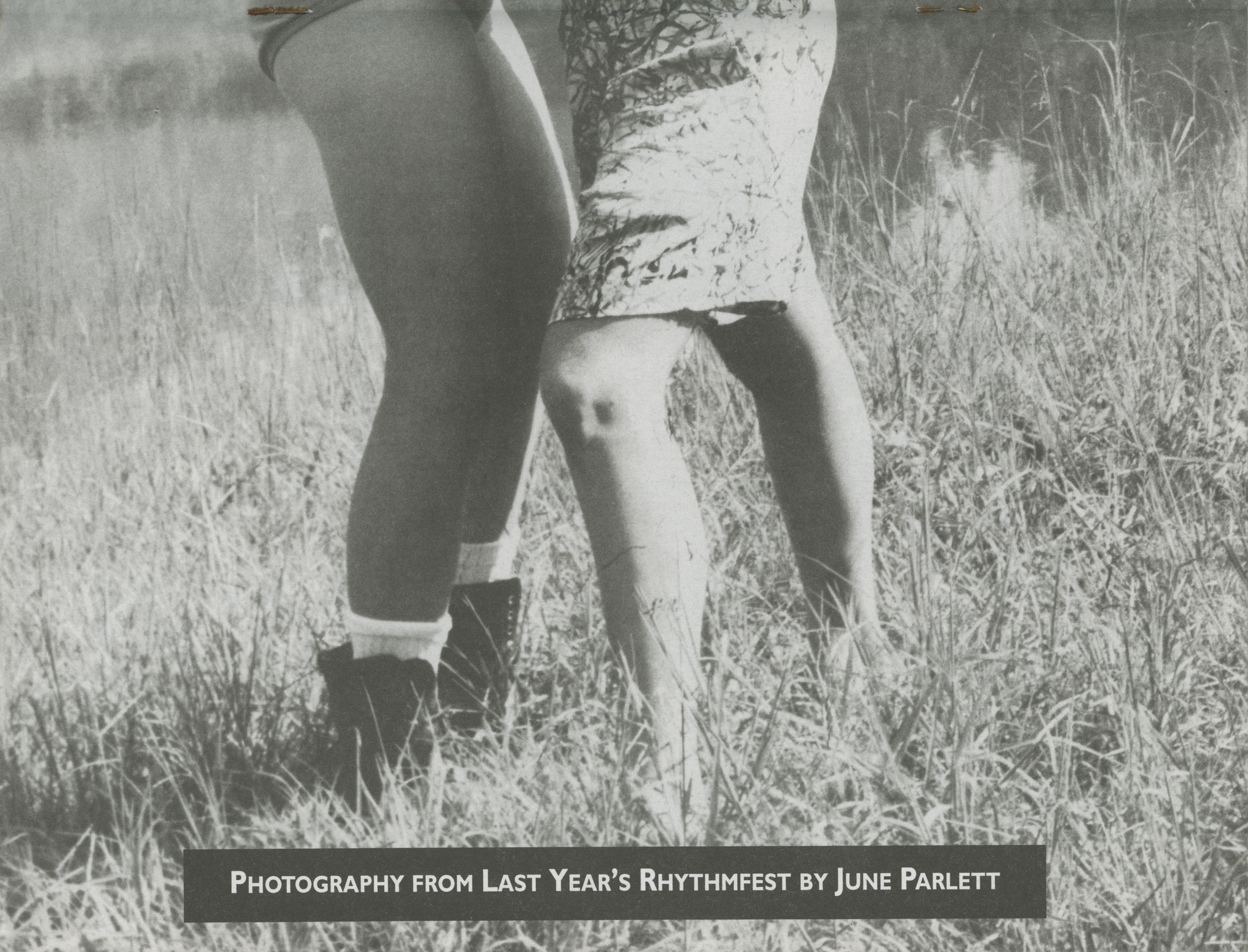
At my first Michigan fest back in 1988, I heard every peep and moan around me, and it made me self-conscious about privacy—or the lack thereof. Of course, that was also the year I could barely take my shirt off in public. By the following summer, though, I was walking around topless, revelling in those semi-secret moans and groans, and I didn't bother to hush my own. After all, wasn't this the promised land, and wasn't I somehow part of it?

Lea Delaria, infamous dyke comedian whose performance venues range from women's festivals to the Arsenio Hall show, remembers having loud, raunchy sex at Rhythmfest. She thought her rendezvous tent was "out of the way" enough to provide some privacy for her and her lover. Wrong! The next night, Turner teased her about it from the stage while performing with Girls in the Nose. "Somebody," she announced to cheers from the crowd, "was sure getting it good."

Delaria maintains that "as the years have progressed, all of the festivals have become more sex-positive." Personally, though, she feels that Rhythmfest is the most swinging fest of all. "I had great sex at this festival," she laughs. Rhythmfest, in fact, has an explicit "open door" policy, and makes no rules against



ON OUR BACKS
Vol.10 No.5 May/June 1994



Photography from Last Year’s Rhythmfest by June Parlett

S/M lesbians, post-operative transsexuals or, in Delaria's words, "other sexual deviants."

Phillips describes Rhythmfest in these words: "Lots of women in their twenties, more public sex" and, music-wise, "more cool rocking shit." Phillips adds that "Rhythmfest is known as being far less political" than other fests, especially Michigan, which "is a place for processing a lot about everything—including sex."

Phillips recalls an unpublished photo shoot for *On Our Backs* which occured post-fest last summer in the Michigan Workers Kitchen. Two women posed wearing only aprons and boots, and went at it wildly as women arrived to work. "It was an externalization of many of our fantasies," say Phillips of the kitchen staff. "I thought it was great."

Nevertheless, "because it was a public display in a place that was our work space, many women were really upset." Phillips recalls that half the staff stood on the sidelines, "rooting them on," while the other half were traumatized enough that some even burst into tears.

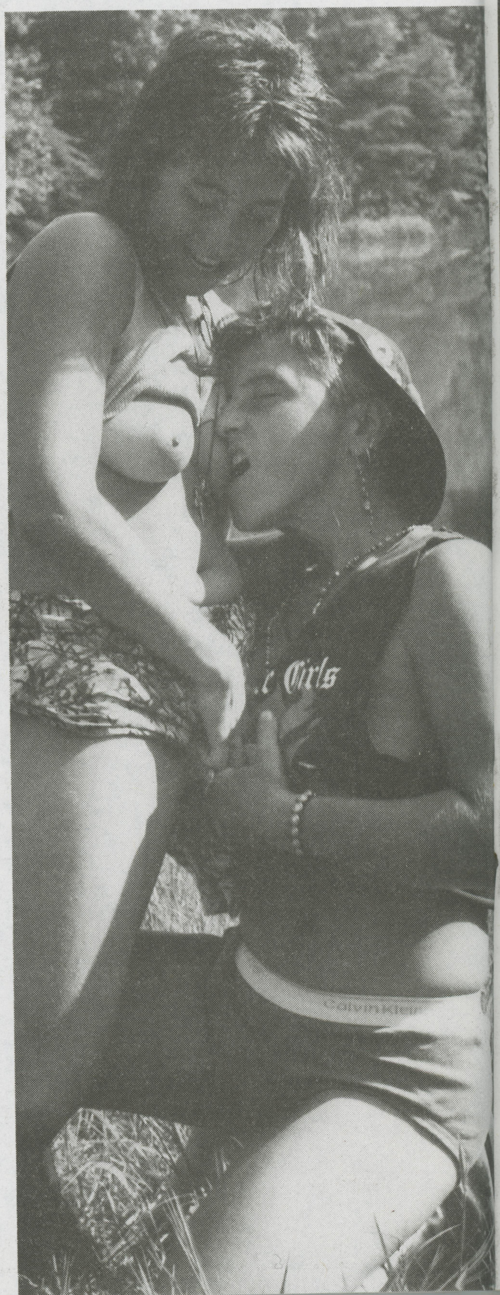
Why did this incident go down as one of the biggest scandals of last year's fest? "Well," said Phillips, "it *did* hold up the lunch line."

Although you may not see women going at it on the pathways, the topic of sex itself is hardly under the rug. Among the scores of workshops given annually at women's music festivals, many concern some aspect of the dirty deed. Says Phillips of Michigan, "Sex workshops are very, very popular, the most heavily attended workshops there."

Even in my 1988 Michigan festival program, I see signs of this insatiability surrounding sex. Along with the more typical earthy-crunchy topics like "The Spiritual Path of the Lesbian" and "Healing with Gemstones," come the hot topics, "Choosing Nonmonogomy: From Why To How," "Lesbian Group Erotica," and "Sex and Sobriety." As I recall, that year there were also many unofficial workshops announced only via flyers or word of mouth. Each year, these spontaneous get-togethers cover topics ranging from female ejaculation to proper whip usage. A good sexual education, it would seem, is only a music festival away.

Not every promoter I spoke to felt that her festival should be identified as a breeding ground for sexual experimentation. Havens, a member of the collectively-run Wimminfest, says that she's "never experi-

(continued on page 40)



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1826 E. Willetta, Phoenix, AZ 85006

Campfest
RR5, Box 185, Franklinville, NJ 08322; (609)694-2037

East Coast Lesbians' Festival
132 Montague St., Box 274, Brooklyn, NY 11201;
(718)643-32284

Elderflower Womenspirit Festival
P.O. Box 31627, San Francisco, CA 94131; (415)285-5669

Festival Hawaii
132 Montague St., Box 274, Brooklyn, NY 11201;
(718)643-32284

Gulf Coast Women's Festival
1806 Curcor Dr., Gullfport, MS 39507 (601)896-3196

Michigan Womyn's Music Festival
P.O. Box 22, Wallhalla, MI 49458 (616)757-4766

National Women's Music Festival
P.O. Box1427, Indianapolis, IN 46206-1427

North East Women's Musical Retreat
P.O. Box 550, Branford, CT 06405

Ohio Lesbian Festival
P.O. Box 02086, Columbus, OH 43202; (614)267-4735

Pacific NW Women's & Cultural Jamboree
P.O. Box 4644, Long Beach, CA 90804; (213)439-8695

Rythm Fest
604 West Chapell Hill, Durham, NC 27701; (604)682-6374

Southern Women's Music & Comedy Festival
15842 Chase St., Sepulveda, CA 91343; (818)893-4075

Southern Oregon Multicultural Women's Music Festival
P.O. Box 394, Williams, OR 97544

Virginia Women's Music & Comedy Festival
1522 Old Mill Rd., Crozier, VA 23039; (804)784-6012

West Coast Lesbian Festival
279 Lester Ave. #3, Oakland, CA 94606; (510)763-9228

West Coast Music & Comedy Festival
15842 Chase St., Sepulveda, CA 91343; (818)893-4075

Wiminfest
P.O. Box 80204, Albuquerque, NM 87198; (505)268-7354

Women in the Woods
620 SW 5th #710, Portland, OR 97204; (503)223-8299

Women's Motorcycle Festival
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ILLUSTRATION BY ZARIAMMA HARAT

True Story

This is a true story, and just like Nardo Ranks', it has an Indian girl with long black hair and light brown skin. She was standing in the14th street subway station on the uptown side. I was on the downtown side, waiting for the train to Brooklyn, when I saw her. She was all the way at the north end, leaning against the grey bin, reading a magazine.

I had seen her before, a few months ago. I was outside a Western shop on Hudson Street, looking at a pair of cowboy boots, and all of a sudden a brilliant red glare flashed in the store window. I looked over my shoulder and saw her: a pretty, caramel-skinned girl in a red fur coat. She was staring at me, but I didn't let myself make any assumptions. When you are as tall as I am, everyone stares at you, usually to see if you're a transvestite. I hurried into the store.

She was dangerously sweet.

And here she was again. How many times had I said, if I ever saw her again in my life, I wouldn't be so shy? So, before I could think, I crossed over to the other platform. Then, the uptown express train came. I ran fast, but the train was pulling out just as I reached the bottom step of the stairs. I cursed out loud.

"Missed your ride home?" said a soft, low voice. She was behind me, smiling.

She was a little girl, big-eyed and big-mouthed. Her hair was collected into a bun, and flecked with perspiration. In the vee before the coat clasped, I could see her naked, glistening skin. I stood gawking at her, trying to think of how to start.

"You coming home from a club?"

She nodded. It was now or never.

"Clit Club?"

"No," she said, laughing. "Is that where you were?" She eyed me scornfully.

I shook my head. "Where did you go?"

"Nell's."

Time to try again. "Do you know Boy?" Boy was a lesbian bartender there. No," she said, brightly. "I only know George and Greg."

I had run out of angles. I stood there feeling foolish, hands in my pockets. She looked away. As loose as her swing coat was, I could see the curve of her bosom. I wanted to undo the coat and see what she was wearing. It couldn't have been much, because her coat wasn't very long and her big, firm legs were in green fishnet stockings.

My train went by. We stood in the near empty station in silence. Finally, she said, "Since you aren't one for conversation, would you like to read my magazine?"

I looked down. She was handing me a copy of The Advocate. I laughed.

"Overgrown as you are, and you don't know how to take care of business," she pouted.

"I know how to take care of business."

"Yeah?" She looked up, her large kohled eyes bright.

"Why don't you show me what I'm going to have to work with?" I said, and undid her coat. The first thing I noticed was the smell of White Linen. Then I saw she was wearing a low, square-necked green dress that revealed the straps of her lacy red bra. I pulled at the neckline. Her breasts were large and soft and the nipples chocolate dark. I put my hand over her crotch. Her thighs were squeezed tightly together. She wasn't wearing any underwear and I could feel her mound.

"It's kind of bushy," she said, shyly.

"I'll manage," I said, leaning into her. I felt her breasts press against my abdomen. She parted my jacket and buried her face in my jersey. I ran my hands up and down her back, massaging her shoulders. I began to press her flesh harder and harder. "You must have an awful lot of tension," I said.

You can always tell how hard a girl can take it by how hard you can massage her shoulders, and she could take it real hard. It was making me excited. I pushed her away a little so I could slide my hands into her coat and touch her skin. She looked up at me bashfully. Bending down, I kissed her soft lips. She drew my tongue into her mouth, and I felt her suck on it. She reached up to me, standing on her toes.

"How is it you're so hungry, a pretty girl like you?" I asked, finally.

"It's a cruel world," she replied. She moved her hands down my front, up my jersey, and over my breasts. Her short, brown fingers began to tease my nipples. Then she tried to lift the jersey up.

"You're getting just a little bit wild," I said, pushing it down.

She pouted again. Her lips were lusciously thick.

"Are you coming to Brooklyn, or do you have to go home to your lover?"

"You think I'd be like this if I had one?" she asked.

I nodded.

She laughed. "I haven't been with anyone in a year, which is why I am letting you pick me up. I've given up being good."

"Oh, you haven't," I said, and kissed her. "You're real good." And though I was on a tight budget, I knew I couldn't wait. I was going to have to take her somewhere where I could lay her down. Feeling a girl up in the subway station is fine, but this one needed more extensive treatment. My underwear was so moist it was becoming a thong. "We're taking a cab," I said.

We went outside and hailed a taxi. The cabdriver was Indian, and they had a roaring conversation in Hindi as I wiggled my fingers through her fishnet and into her wet hole. Her juices were as thick as honey. She reached up and moved closer to the partition and I slid deeper inside her. "Hanh, hanh," she said vigorously to the cabdriver. Finally, we arrived at her apartment. She reached into my pocket and paid the driver. I discreetly wiped my wet fingers on my jeans.

"You know how badly I wanted to suck them," I whispered in her ear.

We rushed up the stairs and into her studio. She didn't turn on the lights. I locked the door, sat on the bed, and she slowly undressed.

When she was naked, she came and sat on my lap. I stroked her breasts, and began to lick their tips quickly. She pushed a breast into my mouth. "Suck them," she whispered, her fingers in my dreads, massaging my head. I lay back and pulled her on top of me so her wet crotch was on my stomach. Her heavy breasts caressed my face. I slid my fingers back into her soft, yielding hole. She moaned. She was very, very wet.

"You better undress before I get your clothes dirty," she said, lifting up.

I squeezed her breasts. "Do you have a dildo?"

She jumped up off me. "Didn't you say I'm pretty?" she demanded. I nodded. "O.K., so you are in bed with a pretty girl, and she's naked and she has her legs open to you and all you can come up with, is to shove a piece of plastic into her?" She shook her head in dismay.

I laughed. "You can't take anything else."

"Yes, I can," she said, breathily.

THE CABDRIVER WAS INDIAN, AND THEY HAD A ROARING CONVERSATION IN HINDI AS I WIGGLED MY FINGERS THROUGH HER FISHNETS

I shook my head and began to peel off my clothes.

"Yes, I can." She said again, yanking at my jersey. She seized my breasts and flicked my nipples with her thumbs. "You know you want to."

When I was naked, she pulled my left thigh over hers. Dangling her breasts just out of reach of my mouth, she pressed her pussy against mine and rubbed herself against me, her back arched. I could feel her lips crushed against mine, and I could tell she had a prominent clitoris. I imagined what her pussy looked like. But imagining wasn't good enough. I tossed her down.

She opened her thighs, stretching her legs out. Her mound was bisected by a wavy line. I peeled open her labia and her clitoris bulged like a jelly bean. She was wet, but my hand is big, so I asked if she had any KY. She shook her head impatiently and lifted her hips. I told myself to stop because her hole was too tight and she couldn't take it, but my fingers plunged into her, and I wiggled in my thumb. Her thick, soft, honeyed walls pushed against me. I forged deeper into her openess, and the walls receded. I curled my fingers into a fist. She pressed her thighs together and turned to her side.

"Is it too much?" I asked, my other hand reaching for myself.

In response, she turned onto her stomach with one leg raised up so I could move more deeply inside her. I pushed and pulled my hand inside her as she moved her ass back and forth. She mewled as I plunged until I hit her plug, and suddenly her canal was flooded. She raised onto all fours and I began to fist her more rapidly, jamming into her until she was so open that I could pull out completely and easily move back in. Her thick cream poured onto my hand, arm, all the way down to my

(continued on page 39)

EVE HARRIS

GENDER*BENDER*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JENNIFER MIKO

You have to understand that men don't usually annoy me. Straight ones, anyway. When I walk down the street, Mexican guys, black guys, white trash guys—they look straight past me like I don't exist. Not being gorgeous is sort of a gift, I guess, but I must admit I've helped it along. While no one could hold me responsible for the narrowness of my hips-any more than they could the cut of my jaw-I must confess that I had a hand in shaping my wide, rounded shoulders and dense back. My big pecs with nipples that pass for tits are the price I pay to keep my State bench press title, year in and year out, against formidable odds. The day I heard some boy point me out to his friend in the supermarket as "Conan the Pre-Raphaelite," *that* was the day I gave in and cut my hair. Now, so long as I don't wear the long earrings that get me called "faggot," men, as I said, pretty much ignore me on the street. Even in a tank top, I can walk to the bar in peace.

I suppose I don't have to tell you that it's not always worth the trip. Some steely-eyed separatist once tried to tell me that all meat is full of steroids. At the time, of course, I took it personally. But standing at the crowded bar in The Closet, with the air conditioner chilling the sweat on the back of my scalp, I began to wonder if maybe she was right. The women in the bar seemed hard and horse-faced like me.

It was a sobering spectacle that called for another drink.

I know what I like in a lady, and it can be spelled out in a single word: soft. Keep your pert, dixie cup breasts and aerobicized buns; give me marshmallow titties, long silky hair, squishy thighs on either side of my face, and a bottom that quivers when you slap it. They say people always want what they don't have, and sometimes they're right.

The fat women leaned intimately in corners, buttons straining on their work shirts, while a depressing blonde with a ponytail and a washboard stomach danced suggestively at me. At 1:00, just when I resigned myself to going home without so much as a fresh phone number, a male voice addressed itself to the back of my shoulder.

This was, as I mentioned before, an unusual event. I turned around and said "hi" back.

He had muscular arms and kind of a dyke haircut. "Oh, excuse me," he stammered. "I didn't...um..."

"Yeah, yeah," I said disgustedly. "You can still say hi."

His look changed suddenly. Maybe it was my baritone. "I have never said this before in my life," he bragged sincerely, "but I think you're a very attractive woman."

That's 'cause I look like a man, you idiot, I wanted to say. I didn't. Maybe it was because he seemed encouraged by the fact that I didn't punch him out. Maybe, unlike most biological women, I just don't have much experience telling men to go fuck themselves. Whatever the reason, I stood there guzzling my beer and letting him shout at me over the music.

I didn't absorb much of his monologue, just that his name was Dave. Obviously, it had been a while since he tried to sweet-talk a woman. He sidled up close, eyeing the veins in my arms, and tried to flatter me by comparing me to a favorite East German swimmer who was thrown out of the '84 Olympics—unfairly he said, for failing her chromosome test. When he asked me to go home with him, I had to laugh.

He ignored my reaction utterly.

"I've got a strap-on," he purred, and placed his hand near the top of my thigh.

I felt my clit stiffen involuntarily. I swallowed hard, and looked around the bar. Even the bitch with the ponytail was gone. Let this be a lesson to you: when a guy wearing perfume starts to look good, you've gone too long without pussy.

Dave drove me back to his apartment, which struck me as pretty messy for a faggot's. In his small room I took off my 501's while he held out a menacing contraption for me to step into. It looked like a dismembered forearm being held at bay by a complicated system of leather leashes.

"I'm not touching your dick," I warned him.

"Don't worry about that," he said, eyelids thickening. "That won't be necessary." I stood staring down at the fleshy plastic hose protruding from my crotch, and felt a strange surge of excitement. The dildo was obviously too large to be accommodated by any human orifice, and its nature as a purely decorative object delighted me. I struck a Bob Paris pose on one knee and laughed. Dave liked it. He kissed me unexpectedly on the mouth, rolled a large condom affectionately onto "me," and turned out the light.

In a moment, his legs were over my shoulders, and my new plastic cock was violating major laws of physics regarding volume.

"Oh! Fuck my hole! Deeper!" he grunted, as I rammed my six foot frame against him. The dildo kept crashing through the looking glass of his asshole and re-emerging magically. His mounting arousal defied logic. But, to my surprise, the base of the dildo rhythmically striking my clit started making me feel hot, too. I stopped worrying about his internal organs, and tried to figure out how I could stroke my own nipples. Forget it, I finally told myself. This particular crime against nature requires at least two hands for leverage.

"Make sounds like woman when you come," I pleaded with him urgently.

"Never. Heard it," he gasped.

"You know," I begged, "like in Donna Summer's 'Love to Love You Baby'."

After a compliant wince of recognition, Dave made some encouraging high-pitched sighs that drew more blood into my swollen clit. As he neared orgasm, he gripped the enormous toy with his ass muscles, and I was sure I could feel my erect clit being squeezed mercilessly along with it. I continued crashing into him violently, until he arched his head back onto the pillow, made an appealing womanly sound, and shot a load of gay cum all over my abs.

He threw his arm over his eyes as he caught his breath. "What a pump, girlfriend. You musta hit my fuckin' G-spot."

I kneeled astride him, cunt throbbing, plastic erection theatrically unreduced, watching him watch the cum drip down my taut torso.

"Shall I do the same to you?" he asked doubtfully, as he tossed my condom into the trash.

"No thanks," I answered. "I don't feel like a trip to the trauma center tonight." I slid off the bed and headed to the bathroom where, I hoped, I could diddle my aching clit to a disappointing climax. The artificial dick bounced proudly and ironically ahead as I skulked down the narrow hall to find the jane.

Let this be a lesson to you: when a guy wearing perfume starts to look good, you've gone too long without pussy

When I did, I saw a crack of light and heard the unmistakable sound of a woman peeing. Before I had a chance to wonder if I was going insane, the door opened, and before me stood a sleepy-eyed, messy-haired, stark naked goddess.

She gave a little shriek when she saw me, and covered her pendulous breasts ineffectively with one hand, her mink bush with the other. The Rubenesque arm over her crotch lay across a rounded, drooping tummy. I gasped and hit the wall with my back.

"Oh," she giggled, looking at the fantastic dildo rising from my mound, "you're a woman." Her arms relaxed.

"It's his," I said, pointing to Dave's room.

"Really?" Then she saw my hunger. She covered her mouth and laughed shyly. Her eyes asked me if it was okay, and mine answered yes. Still chuckling, she advanced the few steps to my side of the hall. She spread her plump thighs and the silky fur of her pussy grazed my naked cock.

In awe, I touched her smooth breasts. She put her warm, dimpled arms around my neck and started sliding her slit over the length of my tool. I looked over her shoulder, and saw her fat ass arching back, forcing the tip of her clit to hit my cock just where she wanted it.

This bizarre turn of events suited me just fine. I spread my cunt lips with one hand, and felt her thrusts against me. My clit grew fully erect again in no time, and the dildo glistened with her wetness. I jiggled her heavy breast and fingered the nipple with my free hand as she masturbated to orgasm on my cock, right there in the hallway. She came silently, after some quick, involuntary thrusts.

"Wait," I cried as she padded down the hall to her bedroom. The lower half of me pulsated with unrelieved swelling. "I can't come like that!"

"Isn't that Dave's department?" she asked.

"He's asleep by now. Besides, I want you. For real. Not with this insane thing."

"Oh, I see." Instantly her voice became thick and sexy, the way only a fat woman's can. She shuffled back, and leaned into me. "Dave's not going to lick your pussy, is he? No. And it needs to be licked and sucked, doesn't it?"

I nodded numbly. "Now let's take this off, and get some saran wrap," she continued as we walked to her room, "and I'll give your poor, sweet pussy something good, before it turns blue."

I lay back on her bed sheets, savoring their toasty smell. She lowered a mammoth breast into my mouth. "Don't suck," she said firmly, "just lie there and let me do you." I let her nipple rub against my tongue as her fingers groped their way down to my battered bush. She spread my pussy lips apart and let me feel the cold air on my burning, wet clit. She forced more of her huge tit into my mouth, and I had to push up against it with my tongue to keep from being suffocated.

I bucked my cunt in the air, hoping her finger would slide into it. But instead she pulled her boob from my mouth, bounced it down the length of my body, and jiggled her nipple around in my swollen slit. I pushed it away, pinching the fat of her wet, sticky breast between my fingers. I longed for her tongue, and didn't want to come until I felt its heat.

She grinned at me in the dark. "Say lick me," she said playfully.

"Lick me," I complied. "I want you to lick me now." I watched as she exposed her pink tongue and lowered it to my spread snatch. She paused, half an inch from me, watching my face. With her hands, she gently floated a big square of saran wrap between my legs. I felt a breeze, and the faintest contact with its surface. I knew I was finally going to get it, and I sighed.

Her tongue pressed onto my cunt, and she lapped me up good—like no one but a dyke can.

"Lick me, lick me, oh yeah, lick it," I gasped. Her mouth was a furnace, consuming all my energy. She pushed down on my knees, keeping my cunt exposed for her round, cherubic face. Juice bubbled up under the saran wrap, and she squished it around expertly, all the while making horny, slurping noises for my benefit. My arms clenched across my chest as an orgasm shuddered through my body.

I hoped she wouldn't notice so she would keep on going. No need, though. She tore a new piece of saran wrap from the bedside roll, and kissed my open cunt softly. Slowly, she began licking again.

Time became meaningless. All I could say was "Oh, lick it, suck my clit, oh yeah," and it felt like she was never going to stop sucking my pussy.

I cried out and came again in her mouth. Undeterred, she went back to her kisses and started licking again. This time she worked intensely, rubbing her tongue, her chin, and even her teeth into me. She sucked me hard to a final climax, as I pressed my solid, flat pussy into her face.

I was numb. I pushed her head away and straightened out my stiff hips.

"Sweet baby all done?" she asked, her face shiny with saliva. I started to cry from gratitude and relief. She told me her name was Sheila. Mine is Ann. Falling asleep was easy next to her safe, luscious body.

The next morning Sheila woke me up. Her breasts smelled delicious and I wanted to kiss them.

"Dave was wondering what happened to you," she said. "I told him he was pathetic." She tossed me a bathrobe and I put it on. It was way too short for me, so I had to tug on the back of it as I crept into Dave's empty room and picked up my jeans and tank top from his linoleum floor.

In the kitchen Dave was making coffee, wearing my Air Jordans and a just-fucked look on his face. I couldn't believe he was able to walk.

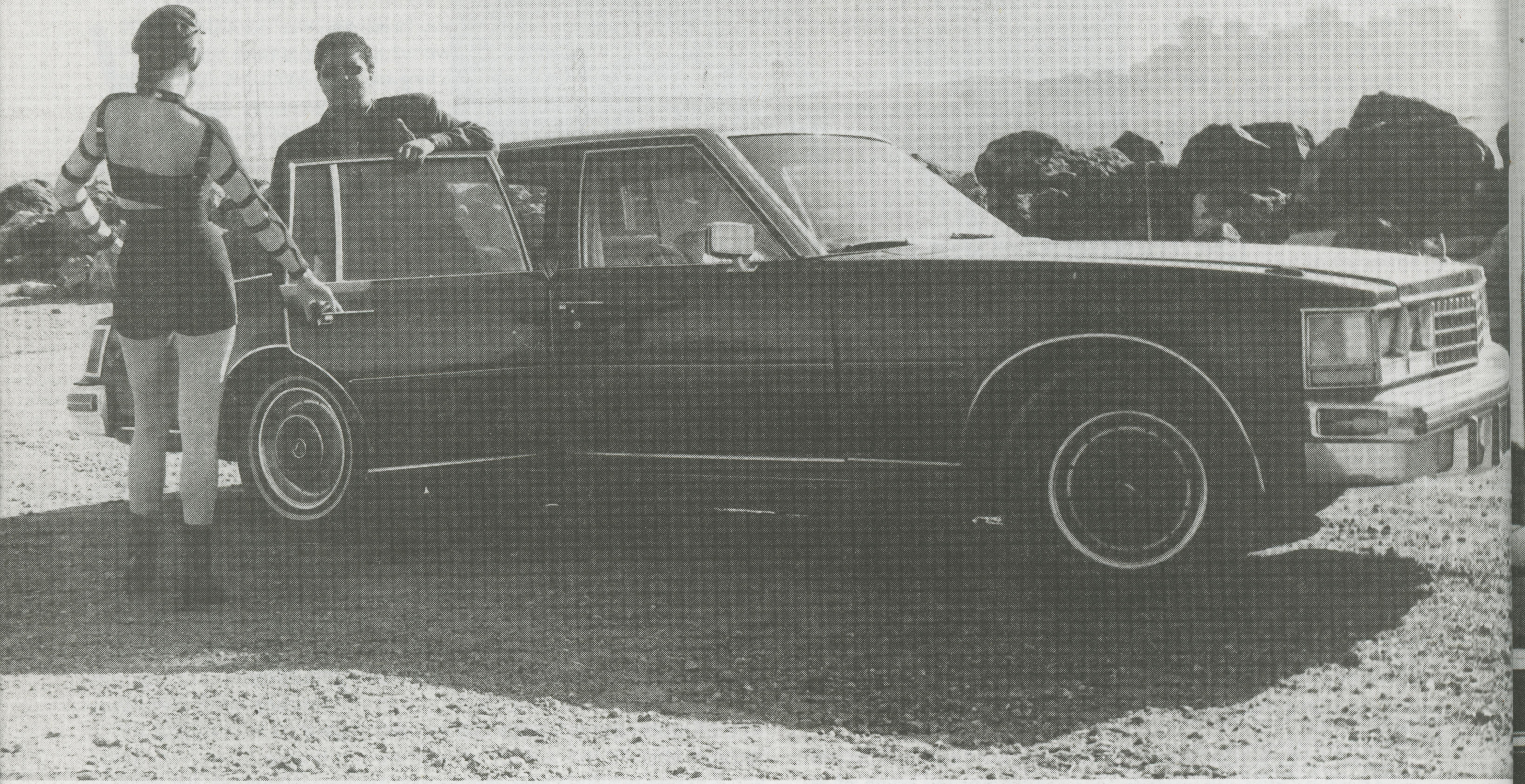
"Look," he said, "we wear the same size."

"I'm sure my feet are narrower," I said, not sure at all.

"Well," he grinned, as he gave me a friendly clap on the back, "you shouldn't mind having big feet, when you've got such a humongous dick."

Despite ourselves, we snickered like a pair of schoolboys until Sheila came in. Then I looked down and blushed. ❖

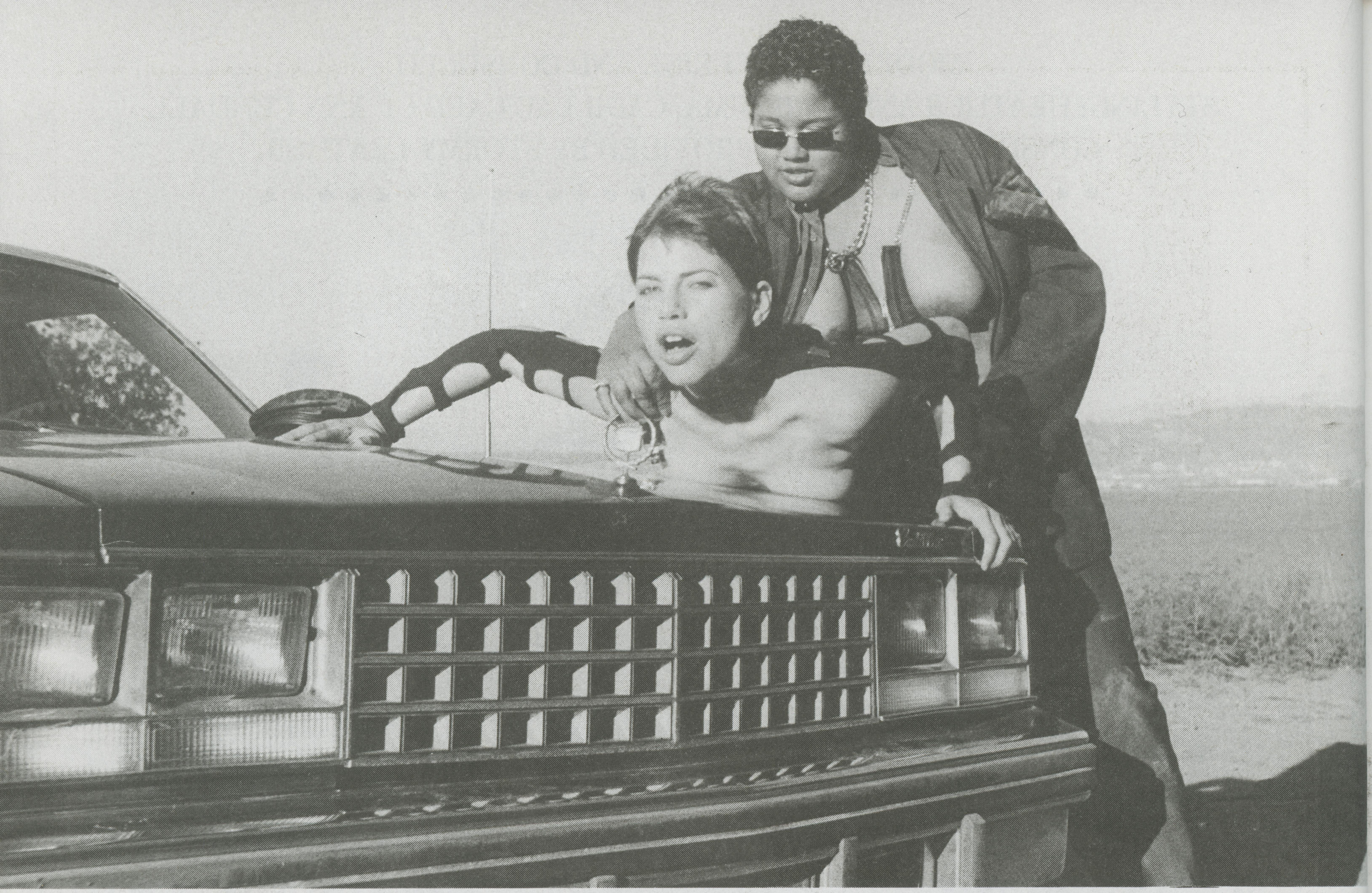
JULIA ST. JOHN CLARK



A CHAUFFEUR AND HER GANGSTA BOSS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KRISTA BEINSTEIN

MODELS: MADELEINE AND CONSUELO
STYLING: HEATHER AND ZARIAMMA; CADILLAC CARE OF ANN CUNDALL;
CONSUELO'S LEATHER PROVIDED BY STORMY LEATHER.



Gay Games IV

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Over 200,000 Women And You!

Rubyfruit Mountain
A Stonewall Riots Collection
by ANDREA NATALIE

RUBYFRUIT MOUNTAIN

Andrea Natalie
Cleis Press

Rubyfruit Mountain, the latest collection of Andrea Natalie's Stonewall Riots comics, provides hysterical single-panel glimpses of queer life. No subject is safe from Natalie's caustic wit—the serious and the mundane are all turned on their heads and given a queer twist. In the political arena, Natalie takes on Jesse Helms (struggling to get his head out of his ass, or be arrested for sodomy), family values, and gays in the military. She uses her pen to queerify mainstream culture, reworking icons such as Sleeping Beauty, Barbie and Sesame Street's Bert and Ernie.

Natalie isn't afraid of taking on queer sexuality either, and she pokes fun at our sexual practices from an insider's view. My favorite cartoon pictures sadomasochistic dairy cows going at it in a barn. One is tied up while her mistress stands ominously above her, objects of torture in her hooves. This vision causes the slave-cow to gasp, "Oh, Mistress! Not the teet clamps!"

The dykes and fags in Natalie's 'toons aren't ashamed of their sexuality—they wear their cock rings proudly and haul their dildos around in the back of their pick-ups.

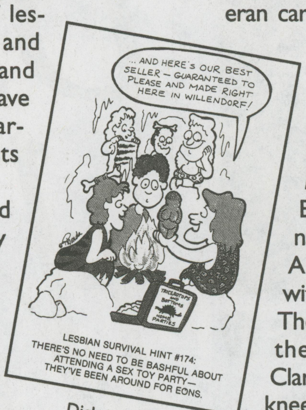
Maybe this comfortable attitude is fostered by Natalie's work in the sex industry. Cartooning doesn't pay the bills, so Natalie supports herself by topless dancing!

On the other hand, we don't see much nudity in these cartoons. Nor are the characters ever caught in the act. We find them before and after, talking about sex, preparing for the moment, but no hot comix sex. A small disappointment, but I assure you that *Rubyfruit Mountain* is one riot you don't want to miss.

—Suzy Minshall

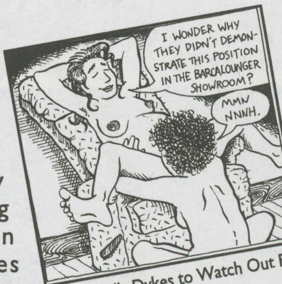
SEXING THE 'TOONS: LESBIAN CARTOONS SPICE UP THE 90'S

For years, women cartoonists such as Alison Bechdel, Kris Kovik & Jennifer Camper have been drawing maps that guide us through the thickets of lesbian culture. From dating and in-laws, to freedom rings and Doc Martins, cartoonists have long served as archivists, narrators and gossip columnists for the dyke community.


... AND HERE'S OUR BEST SELLER — GUARANTEED TO PLEASE AND MADE RIGHT HERE IN WILLENDORF!
TRICEROTOPS AND BOTTOMS HOME PARTIES
LESBIAN SURVIVAL HINT #174: THERE'S NO NEED TO BE BASHFUL ABOUT ATTENDING A SEX TOY PARTY— THEY'VE BEEN AROUND FOR EONS.

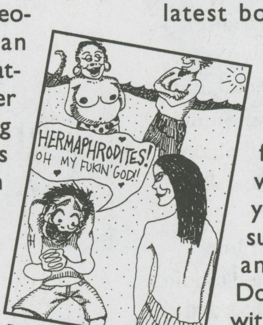
Dicksion's Stay Tooned

Just as sex has exploded on to the scene in every other venue—so it goes with 'toons. But Diane DiMassa's *Hothead Paisan* takes the discussion one step farther. Once described as a "raging city dyke with scary hair and a fetish for guns," Paisan doesn't flinch when it comes to sex or sex related controversy. After long days battling television dogma and Bobbittizing rabid rapists, in one sequence Paisan dreams of a world in which everyone is a hermaphrodite, a world where men have babies, women grow beards and little girls sing "People with willies 'n breasts, oh my!" Does Paisan have a thing for transgender folk?


I WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T DEMONSTRATE THIS POSITION IN THE BARCALOUNGER SHOWROOM?
MMN NNNH.

Bechdel's Dykes to Watch Out For

"I do, actually," admits creator DiMassa, explaining that transgendered women and men have the yin-yang balance in them that other people often don't. DiMassa, an intensely private woman, created Paisan as a way to purge her rage during recovery from drug and alcohol addiction. She says that Paisan reflects her own beliefs about a lesbian's place in the universe, a universe that could be better if we all had two sets of genitals.


HERMAPHRODITES!
OH MY FUKIN' GOD!!

DiMassa'a transsexual utopia

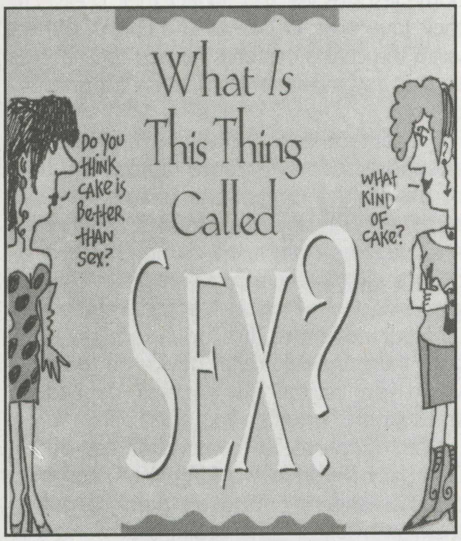
Hothead has plenty of cathartic male-bashing, but the best parts of the book (and the 'zine that led to it) come when Paisan turns the things around and sublimates all this violence with her enthusiastic girlfriend. One cartoon features Paisan screaming "mine field!" "tanks!" and "NUCLEAR MISSILES!" as she and her love bunny ravage each other. The only character to take offense is Paisan's cat, who has been bumped from her spot on the easy chair.

Perhaps DiMassa has had an effect on veteran cartoonist Alison Bechdel. Once upon a time Bechdel's characters seemed as shy as the enigmatic artist herself. However, with the release of her latest collection, *Spawn of Dykes to Watch Out For*, Bechdel has shown us just how nasty the regulars can really be. A bare butted Mo masturbates with her vibrator and dreams of Thea; Lois turns the tables on the girl next door; and poor Clarice works overtime (on her knees and in the boardroom) to keep a pregnant Tony happy. Once a fairly vanilla strip, *Dykes to Watch Out For* has taken a few steps toward becoming masturbatory material. In fact, the strip has been criticized by male readers of Diversity, an Idaho queer monthly, as being too pornographic.

Like Bechdel, Rhonda Dicksion is also a veteran of the women's 'toon time scene. With Snoopy-like characters and single panel cartoons, Dicksion's work looks as innocuous as those 1970's figurines—the ones with outstretched arms and kitschy quotes like "My Dad Loves Me this Much." But Dicksion's characters aren't as innocent as they seem. In her latest book, *Stay Tooned*, a wheelchaired woman grins wickedly at the naked buttocks in front of her. Refering to her tattoo, the fortune beneath the picture warns us that "if you keep your eyes open, you'll find surprises at every bend." On another page, we spot a Dominatrix in her lair, complete with a kitten, a teddy bear and pj's. As she says, "I'll tie you up and whip you," the reader knows she's on the inside track of a lesbian-only joke.

That's ultimately the sexiest part of this trend in lesbians comix—after years of taking offense at everyone else's dirty jokes, lesbians are finally making their own.

—Diane Anderson


What Is This Thing Called SEX?
DO YOU THINK CAKE IS BETTER THAN SEX?
WHAT KIND OF CAKE?

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SEX?

Edited by Roz Warren
Crossing Press

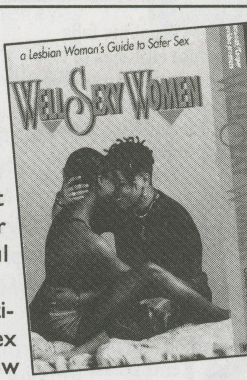
"What is this thing called sex?" Is it straight, gay or bisexual? Is it humorous? Does it involve food, S/M, AIDS, safe sex, animals—or is it something we don't even do anymore, but just talk about? *What Is This Thing Called Sex?*, Roz Warren's collection of sex cartoons by fifty-eight women, says "yes!" to all of the above.

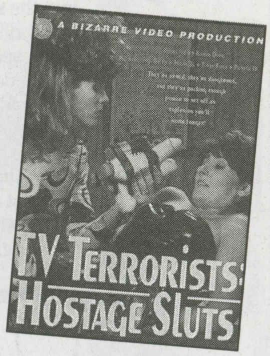
Dyke cartoon fans will be glad to see the classics, like Diane DiMassa and Alison Bechdel. But there's much more, from gay and straight artists alike. Women who've considered taking revenge on men should check out Rina Piccolo's cartoon of a woman giving a man a blow job, then watching him become a great big balloon. Dyke readers who've ever been confused about the right dildo to use on the right girl, will want to compare Jennifer Camper's "tofu rising vegetarian," who prefers carrots, with "Bobbie Sue Meter Reader," who would rather take a flashlight. Unless you'd rather not know, Camper's 'toon "Thought Patterns" and Jackie Randall's "Devotion" will give you insight into what your girlfriend's thinking about as she's fucking you.

Sex, politics and sex toys always go together, and have always been favorite subjects among cartoonists—witness Kris Kovick witty "Bill of Rights" and "dildolaboratories" drawings. Warren's cartoonists are also unafraid to take on the topic of safe sex (as in Nina Paley's cartoons on "Afraids"), even for HIV-conscious vampires.

These are just a few of my favorites, but *What Is This Thing Called Sex?* has a 'toon to whet every appetite. So check it out. *—Troi*

SMUT WATCH





Summer is almost here. For the fortunate among us, that means vacation time. Never fear; Miss T. has some great films to get you and your sweetie (or your vibrator) juiced up for beautiful summer weather.

After packing houses at film festivals last year, the lesbian safe sex video ***Well Sexy Women*** is now available at selected women-friendly bookstores. This film, directed by former *On Our Backs'* staffer and *Quim* editor **Lulu Belliveau**, is a **Terrence Higgins Trust** fund baby (the THT is roughly the British version of AMFAR, and they put out *The Gay Men's Guide to Safer Sex*). The CHT gave the men's projects plenty of money, and the directors had lots of creative control. As for *Well Sexy Women*, though, I'm told Lulu was frequently "sidestepped" and limited in her artistic freedom. Censorship in a gay friendly way? It's disgusting!

As a result, there are some problems with the educational parts of the film, which are staged as a discussion around a banquet table. For example, the dykey-looking health educators touch on the potential dangers of fisting, but don't go into details. They don't discuss the importance of water-based, nonspermicidal lube. Their talk is admirably frank—although, considering all the eating going on, a little nauseating at times—and they even have some laughs.

Spliced into this discussion are the sex scenes. I found *Well Sexy Women's* diverse collection of dykes and scenarios very arousing. My personal favorite is a clip featuring two black women in a sparsely furnished flat. After digging through a box of belongings, it occurs to the early riser that a new-found water gun might help awaken her lover. It works. They play, laugh, scream, fall into a tub of water, have great sex and fall back asleep holding each other. God, I just *loved* that.

If you're the type who needs lots of plot with your porn, my recommendation is ***Steamy Windows*** by **Vivid**, starring **Ashelyn Gere**. It's a straight film, but the story line—and the sex—are very imaginative. In the throws of foreplay, Ashelyn and her co-star see a reflection in the window of their new high rise condo. It's a couple making love. When Ashelyn looks again, the couple isn't there. Over the course of the film, the reflections materialize. At one point, Ashelyn is lying in bed trying to get herself off, but she's unable to get the mystery couple out of her mind. The couple reappears, the woman goes down on her, and just as Ashelyn is about to come, she opens her eyes and realizes this is no fantasy— the woman is there! If I told you the secret behind the couple in the window, I'd spoil the movie, but I *can* tell you this is no ordinary porno plot. *Steamy Windows* is available in most adult video stores.

No summer is complete without some silly porn. Especially if you're the type who can't help but find naked people comical, make some popcorn, gather your friends, and slip ***TV Terrorists: Hostage Sluts*** by **Bizarre Video** into your VCR. This film is *hysterical*. The premise is that a terrorist is loose in New York City. Two young, seemingly innocent women who own a wig shop are warned by a friend that an attacker is loose. Rather than lock their doors, they find comfort in...oral sex, of course! The doorbell rings and in walk two badly dressed transvestites, the TV terrorists themselves. They make their demands (clothes, make up, donuts...you get the idea) or else they'll blow their "hostage sluts" to smithereens (the home made pornographic bomb is worth the rental alone). In some sick kind of way, I'm grateful somebody made this film. It really broke up the monotony of yours truly's research for this column. Lucky viewers can find this video pretty much anywhere.

Keep me informed and let me know if I put you on the right track toward a hot film. Or perhaps I did not do justice to a film you like. Or maybe I just made you laugh. Erotic videos are supposed to be entertainment! So close the curtains, grab the remote, grab your girl (or your hitachi) and ENJOY!

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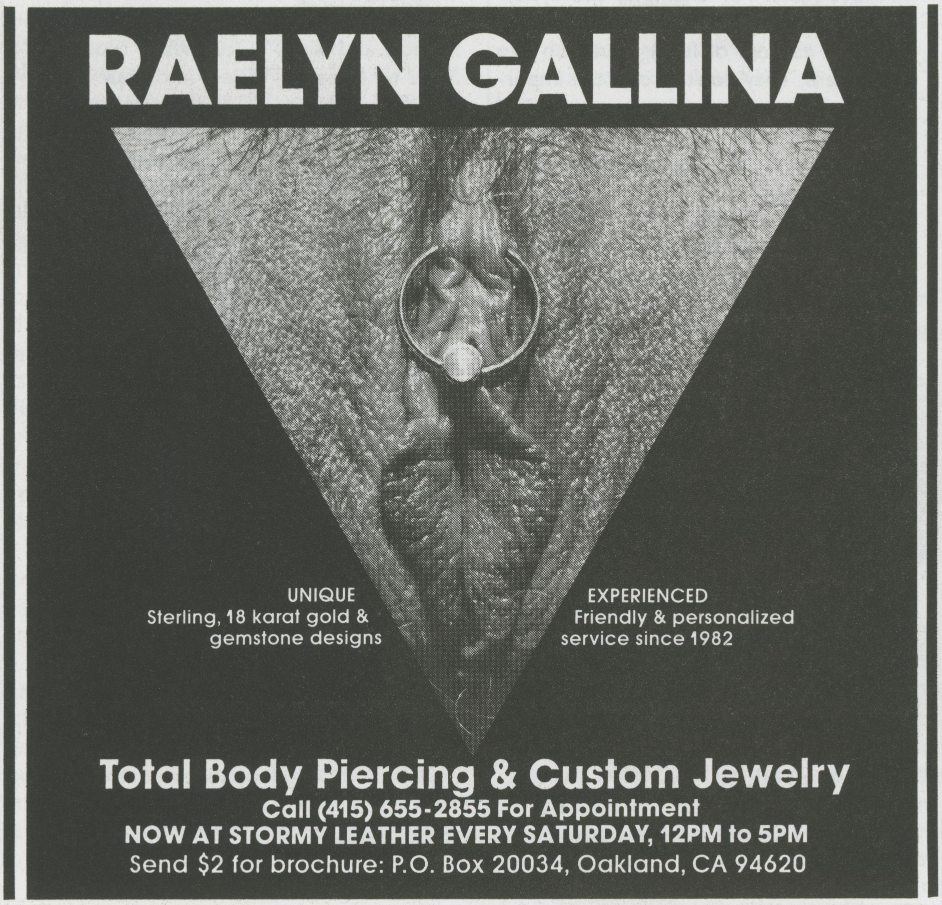

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(continued from page 15)

transformed into a delightful torture device. Some lesbians like to connect their breasts to their lover's via tit clamps and chains. Others wrap the chains or cords around their bodies so that any movement will cause a painful little tug.

Tit torture does, however, require some safety precautions. Because it stops the flow of blood, the longer a tit clamp remains attached, the more painful it will be to remove. Removing a tit clamp should produce a slightly intensified version of the tingling you feel when a sleeping limb "wakes up." But not more. If a bound nipple turns blue, then you've left that device on too long. Warn your partner (or yourself, depending) and support her when you slip it off.

Pain, of course, isn't everyone's cup of tea. Especially if you're working with sensitive breasts, smearing food on them, brushing them with fur, or just rubbing clothes against them can be plenty pleasureable. But when it comes to my Iron Lady equipment, well, if I have to tell a lover more than twice that she needs to bite my nipples, it's out the door with her.

If you're lucky enough to be sleeping with a woman who's lactating, you should know that some studies say breast milk can carry HIV, the virus that causes AIDS. Ask Mama to come on you, not in you. For that matter, if you're really into mother/child fantasies, you can just *imagine* that she's lactating. That's totally safe, and my friend Judith points out that it gives a whole new meaning to the term "baby butch."

Most of all, take care of your titties. The breast cancer epidemic is particularly threatening to lesbians—apparently because we don't nurse babies as often as other women—so don't neglect your exams. And if you are tempted by implants, educate yourself about the side effects, which can be very scary indeed.

Breast worship and nipple play have a long, sometimes glorious, sometimes sordid, history. *On Our Backs'* well-endowed associate editor tells me that at Mardi Gras in New Orleans there's a centuries-old tradition of calling out to women, "show us your tits!" Observers of all genders throw costume jewelry to their favorite exhibitionists ("I got a great string of gold beads!" reports Diane). According to legend, Japanese geisha girls used to attach bells to their nipples so they could make music, literally, during lovemaking. But my favorite episode from hooter history occured in 1597, when Queen Elizabeth I shocked a French ambassador by wearing a gown that completely exposed her bosom (so much for leading Parisian fashion!) So keep these queens, prostitutes and party girls in mind the next time you're faced, hopefully up close, with one or more of those lickable, suckable, squeezable buds. ❖

(continued from page 29)

elbow. Then, she screamed.

"Don't hurt me," she gasped.

I stopped. "Do you want me to pull out?" She shook her head.

"You don't know how much you can take," I said, sitting back on my feet.

She looked over her shoulder at me. Huskily she said, "Make me come."

I reached around her waist to fondle her breasts. "Baby, I knew it would be too much for you." I kissed the small of her back.

But she rested her head on the pillow, raised her ass and purred. So I ran my tongue down her spine. My hand was still inside her and I knew it would hurt her if I pulled out now. It would be much easier on her if I did it as she came. I moved inside her. She made low, quick noises.

Encouraged, I sped up. Her pussy was getting hotter and her softness was pushing against my fist as I shoved into her. It felt so good as her pussy responded to me, her meat sucking me in and trying to eject me out. My arm ached but I couldn't stop. My own sex was tingling with desire. I squeezed my muscles and fisted her fast. She rocked and moaned, louder and louder, until she sprayed out come like warm oil, all over my hand and knees.

Quickly, I pulled out. I licked her salty sauce off my fingers.

She turned on her back and I lay over her. She ran her fingers lightly over my skin. We kissed slowly and lazily, until my pussy couldn't wait any longer.

"Come on, baby," I said, pulling her on top of me.

"Why should I?" she sulked. "You made me wait."

I was aghast. "When did I make you wait?" I began rubbing myself.

"You didn't see me on Hudson Street a couple of months ago?" she said, her eyes half-closed and her sweet, thick lower lip quivering. "You made me wait until now to take care of business."

"I'm sorry, baby," I said, over and over again, barely coherent. I was in agony. The sight of her hole so open to my fist made my pussy so greedy. "Please," I begged.

"Why don't you wait a few months?" she said.

I shifted around uncomfortably. My own hand was not enough.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you not to torture little girls?" she continued, kissing my abdomen.

I grabbed her by her hair.

She eyed me defiantly. "Say you'll never make me wait again."

"Never," I said, and shoved her head between my legs. She opened my pussy and ran her tongue over it lightly, too lightly do anything but torture me. I pulled on her breasts hard. Then she laughed, and began to suck my pussy, first gently, then harder. She ran her tongue along the grooves between my folds until she reached the center, and then she firmly picked up my clitoris by the stem with her mouth. I came in waves. She opened my thighs further and shoved her breasts against my throbbing pussy.

Finally, I pulled her up onto me. Her small body was heavy and warm and soft. I pulled the covers over us.

"Don't forget," she said, sleepily. "Don't make me have to really punish you."

I laughed. "I won't forget, baby," I said. And you know, I never did. ❖

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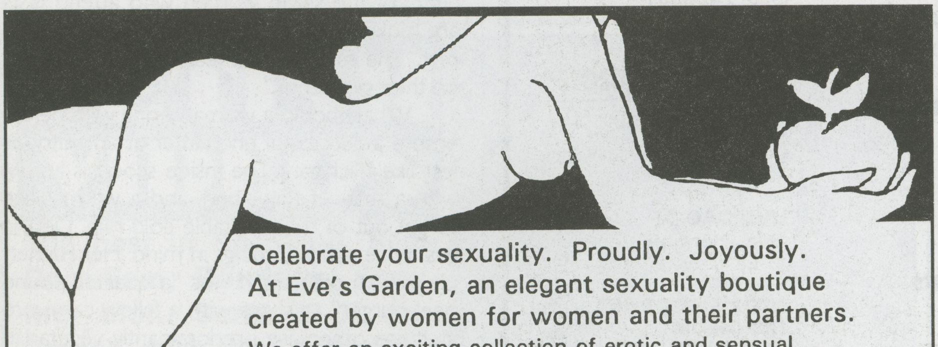

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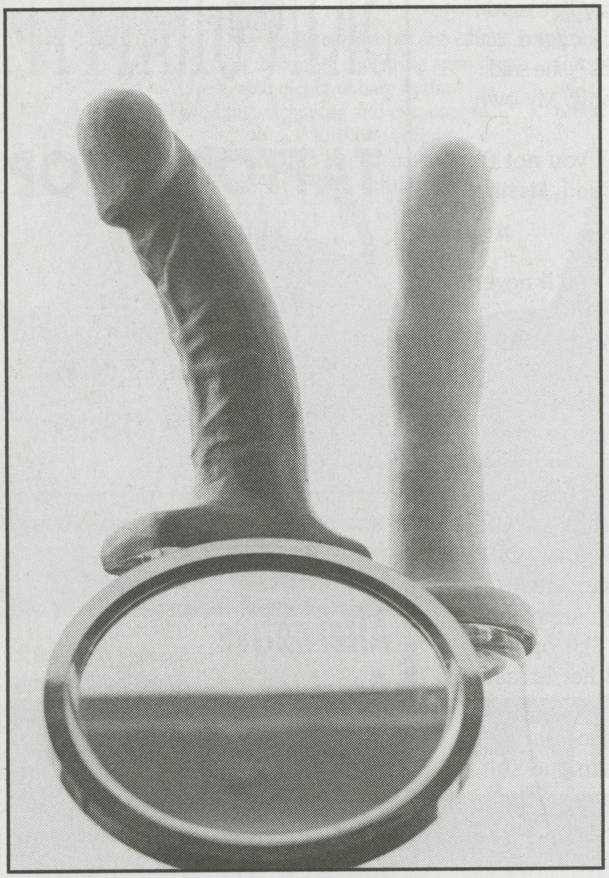

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enced festivals that way." She feels Wimminfest is more a "celebration of lesbianism" than a opportunity for chance encounters. Because Wimminfest, held in Albuquerque over Memorial Day weekend, is an indoor event, "women don't have as much chance to meet as they do when there's community camping."

However, Wimminfest does have organized activities for singles like nightly dances, and encourages the wearing of lavender stickers to help singles find each other. "If women come up with an idea to meet other women, we'll help them make it happen," Havens says.

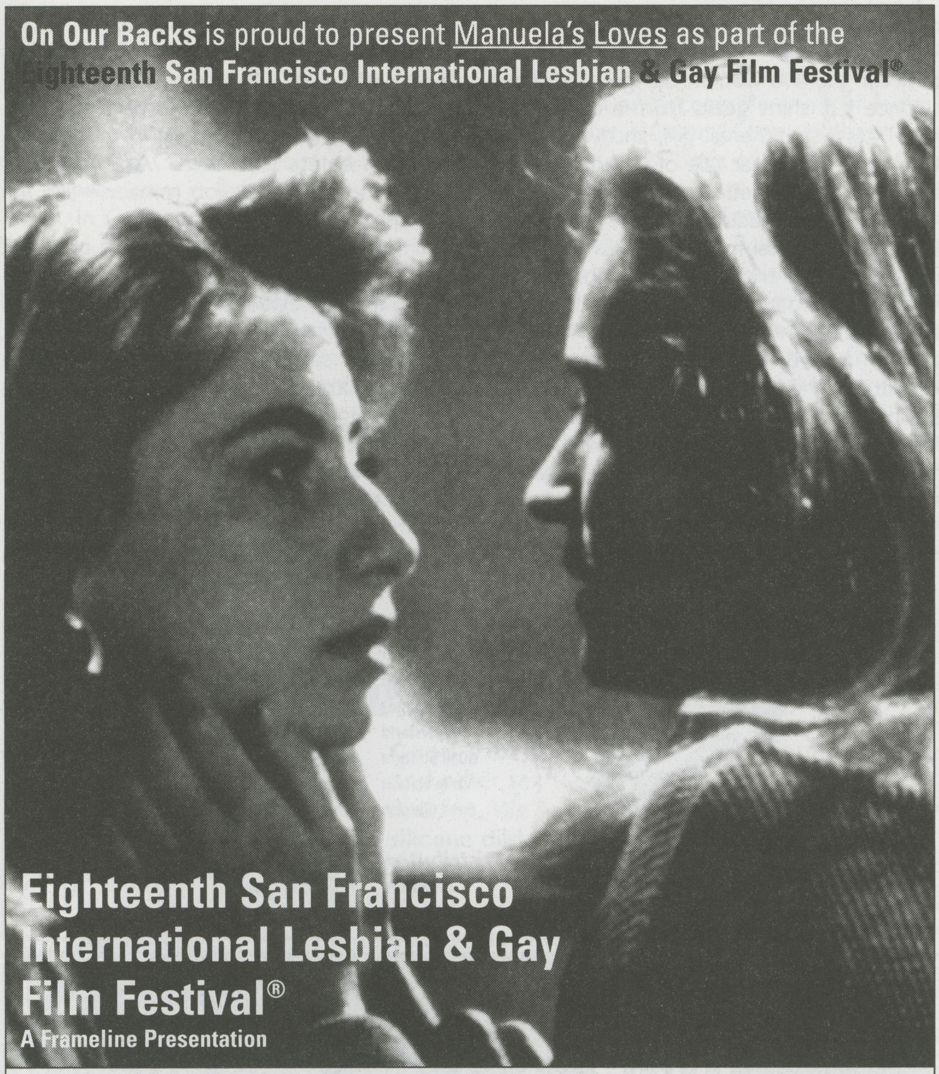
Robin Tyler, whose annual Labor Day weekend West Coast Music and Comedy Festival celebrates its fifteenth anniversary this season, says she "doesn't think you can label a fest as sexual or not." Although Tyler considers her own event "a festival of choice...as long as it's legal," she feels that any festival's atmosphere depends on who you talk to and what they're looking for. Her event hosts everyone from "older couples in RV's who've been together for 30 years," to young leather dykes attending their first lesbian gathering.

To enable single women to find one another, the West Coast fest holds "singles support group" workshops, and distributes singles tags to the hundreds of unattached women who annually attend. Last year, says Tyler, hundreds of the 3,000 women attending wore the tags. As for herself, Tyler says she's usually too busy to enjoy the sexually charged atmosphere of her own event. "When I'm working," she says regretfully, "I don't get to have sex at all!"

Leave it to Delaria to hold an opposing viewpoint. Since their inception, she says, women's music fests have always been hotbeds of lesbian nookie. "One hundred percent" of the single women who attend fests are looking to get laid, says our expert. "The rest," she says, "are at least looking to cheat on their girlfriends."

What should a woman bring with her to ensure a successful encounter at an outdoor fest like Michigan? The inside scoop is an RV, with a real—if tiny—bed, and a warm place to get out of the inevitable cold rain. Delaria has more culinary things in mind. Her runner-up pick to grab a girl was "a quarter pound beef-burger" to share with a fellow carnivore at these otherwise predominantly vegetarian gatherings. Her first: a good cup of coffee. "If you bring a cappuccino machine to a women's music festival," Delaria promises, "I guarantee you'll get any girl you want."

What other words of advice does this formidable dyke offer? "Don't bother with the music," says Delaria with her usual infinite wisdom, "let's all just have the sex." ◆



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(continued from page 10)

between the two women changes dramatically once k.d. shifts gears from a melancholy "boy" to a sentimental girl, and we are left with a rather familiar tale of unrequited dyke desire for a repressed straight woman.

Salmonberries' seduction scene takes place in a German hotel room, to which Kotz and Roswitha have traveled in search, now, of Roswitha's roots. Kotz pins Roswitha down on the bed and kisses her, but Roswitha almost immediately rejects her advances. Admittedly, the scene is hot—mainly because the two women have, up to this point, carefully circled around each other. Kotz's rough handling of Roswitha, moreover, suggests a strong physical desire.

This seduction scene links up to an earlier moment of desire in the film where Kotz is visiting Roswitha's cabin in Alaska. Kotz stumbles into Roswitha's bedroom, and finds it is lit by a soft pink glow created by sunlight filtering through jars and jars of salmonberries. Kotz lies on the bed basking in the glow as Roswitha enters the room. As in the later scene, the sexual tension remains—like the salmonberries—bottled up.

In *Salmonberries*, desire does not play itself out between bodies; instead it lies in the landscape, and in relations between bodies and landscapes. If the film "says" something about gender and sexuality, it does so through the unisex character of winter clothing, the impossibility of anything more than brief nudity, and the bottling up of soft, rosy "fruits" ready to explode. Desire can be cold as well as hot, and it can get so cold that it burns.

Salmonberries is a must-see for lesbians interested in k.d.'s development as a butch

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superstar. In recent exposes, k.d. has come out not only as a lesbian, but as a butch. Most of you probably spotted k.d. in drag, on the cover of *Vanity Fair*, getting a face job from stunning Cindy Crawford, and confessing to penis envy in the accompanying interview. In *Cosmopolitan*, moreover, readers listed k.d. as number four on their top ten list of "People You Fantasize About."

Such a high rating surely marks k.d. as a dyke with serious cross-over appeal. For the most part the lesbianism that America loves to love boils down to a heterosexual wet dream of two feminine women gently stroking each other. Yet the butch gender-bending of k.d. in *Salmonberries* replaces cozy lipstick lesbianism with a nasty image of butch-femme desire. k.d.'s suave, boyish image disrupts the attempt to mainstream lesbianism as chic and conventionally beautiful.

All too often, even lesbian film sells lesbianism to mainstream audience by replacing butch with an acceptable level of femme (think of Kay in *Desert Hearts* or Idgie in *Fried Green Tomatoes*; both of these characters were butch in the novel and femme in the film). Or else, a cross-dressing female—as we saw in *Orlando* and *The Ballad of Little Joe*—is supposed to represent a balanced androgyny.

k.d.'s character in *Salmonberries*, however, is not androgynous; Kotz is obviously coded as lesbian. Similarly, in the *Vanity Fair* photographs, k.d. makes her cross-dressing part and parcel of her lesbianism, rather than a kinky but chic representation of heterosexuality. *Salmonberries* makes a valuable contribution to queer lesbian cinema because it refuses to compromise butch desire and, furthermore, butch desirability. ❖

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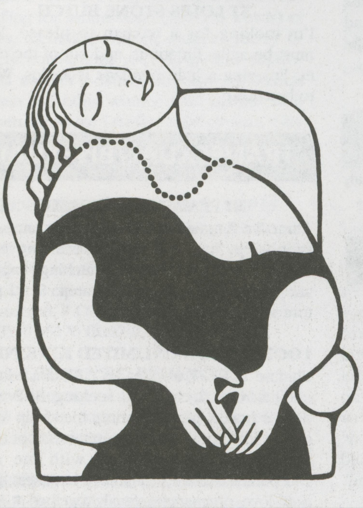

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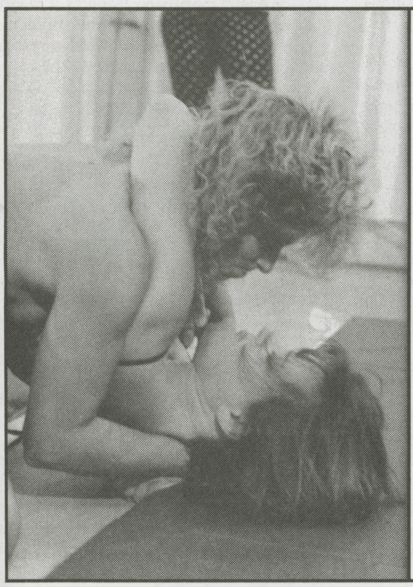

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I'm bored by hicks and jocks. I'm turned on by radical, free-thinking women into hard/punk rock; intellectual, political and pop-cultural conversation and being treated with the respect they deserve. I'm a long-haired femme on the outside (for now) but a ravenous wild woman on the inside (always). ☎ 1365

DYNAMIC GWF

Green-eyed baby dyke, 21, seeks experienced femme, 25-40, to share romance, conversation. Please send photo and receive mine. Boston/Providence area a plus. -960

LIKE NAILS IN YOUR BACK?

Eclectic Atlanta femme, 23, seeking a handsome, gallant butch. You: 25+, honest, intelligent, communicative and autonomous. Myself: Amorous, musical, refined and stable. (Visiting/possible relocation out west in '94) Cowgirl/Westerner a big plus! No bi's/ego trips/femmes. ☎ 1363

LOOKING FOR CHEMISTRY

This dominant femme seeks health conscious, erotically submissive, non-substance dependent femme between 21-31 yrs. Philipina or Indo-Asian a plus. I am petite, attractive, experienced, neurosis free, Buddhist Anarchist, ethnically mixed, located in Western Oregon. I desire chemistry. You want to be treated right. ☎ 1362

BE MY FIRST

Sub blnd slut, body builder, entrepreneur, Barbie Doll looks, fashion slave, sweet, intelligent, sense of humor, fair, generous, streetwise, creative, sincere, seeks Dom butch F, slim, athletic, very handsome. I want a woman who's enough of a man to love me like a woman. Boston. ☎ 1358

37-YEAR-OLD FROM SOUTHEASTERN WI AREA

New to gay scene. I enjoy classical music, but also adore Extreme and Aerosmith. Love cats, films, bookstores, backrubs. Will try anything at least once—open to new experiences. Hope to hear from someone 25 to 50, non-smoker, open minded. If not near, I will call or correspond. ☎ 1359

UTTERLY MAGICAL

Me. Magical shape shifting artist. 34, honest, caring, eccentric. Looking for a special woman who can love all of me without fear. Do you like the night? Conversations about space and time, reality and myth? I'm outside SF and waiting for you. - 948

VEGETARIAN GODDESS

Incredibly feminine 23 yr old finding it difficult to plan a relatively brief yet thorough description of herself. This very attractive, opinionated lesbian is looking for someone between 21-28 yrs of age who enjoys music, the outdoors, intellectually stimulating conversation and who shares the opinion that a mere paragraph is not an adequate description of a person. If you are a confident woman residing in the Portland area or a neighboring state—I'm a California native!—and are capable of building a solid friendship...WRITE!! - 949

FT. LAUDERDALE SEEKS SAN FRANCISCO

Style ex-hippie who is artistic, sensible, Mid-Western values, professional, bookwormish to enjoy an upper-middle class lifestyle minus the glamour—plus the Birkenstocks and Levis (or skirts). ME: ultra-professional, very financially secure, extremely cute, earthy, grounded. ☎ 1361

LOOKING FOR WIFE, PART 2

GBF still seeks wife. I live within the country and am seeking someone between 5'1 and 5'4 with hair at least to the shoulders. No heavy drugs and no bi's. Call Sxy Self. ☎ 1364

WINDY CITY ROMANCE ANYONE?

My stuff: 29 yrs., sensitive, shy, honest, butch. Into tatoos, piercing, packin', long walks and drives, movies, candles, good music and leather. Your stuff: Be between 25-40 yrs., open minded, strong willed, romantic, animal loving, honest woman. Send photo. - 956

SEEKING DOMINANT BUTCH BABE

Nothing warms your heart like your girl in bondage. Kinky dyke, 20's NSND, 150. Romance and adventure. Monogamous. Ltr. Me: intelligent, nuturing, working class, overweight but active. Bay Area. ☎ 1366

PASSIONATE BLONDE

Passionate, insatiable, blonde, romantic desires domestication. Can you tame me? Come, taste this wild side. The possibilities are endless. Come. I promise you will come back again. Speak. If you are serious and desire a sensual, uninhibited, athletic, faithful lesbian with a heart of gold. %1123

BLUE COLLAR VALUES

GWF, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs. Hard working, blue collar values, honest, sincere an sexual. Enjoys Harleys, camping and outdoor activities. Seeking similar women for friendship and possibly more. Sexually open to the right person. %1124

TRAVEL/CORRESPONDENCE

VISITING LONDON!!?

"Designer Dyke!" Muffia Member! Wants to play with you and show you the town. I'm British, black, tall and totally shaved model with a Georgio Armani wardrobe with an undying interest for young girls with a "Daddy Thing." Have a fantasy filled holiday. Photo and long letter. Suite 119, Two Old Brompton Road, London SW7 3DQ, England

BUTCH LOOKING FEM

WLC 40s. The butch-looking fem is seeking women to dominate her (no pain, though). The butch/fem is just looking for non-kinky sex. Smoke, drink, smoke. Midway between Chicago and the Twin Cities. 15 miles from I-90-94. Weekends are best. - 951

WISHING YOU WERE HERE

21 years old, 5'8". Short brown hair and green eyes. I love to watch sunsets, moonlight walks, black silk, a little wine and some chocolate all over your warm, soft, naked body. Let me lick you all over. I'm very romantic and completely monogamous. No drugs! Other interests are sports, nature, weightlifting, drawing, music, movies, reading and traveling. - 958

GEMINI, SAG. RISING, PISCES MOON

24, somewhat of a novice, desires correspondence with lesbian/bi women everywhere. I'm into astrology, ethnic food, tv/movies, dancing, foreign cultures, music (60's, blues, reggae, etc.), joyously contemplating the miracle of the universe, laughing. Write soon—hungry for friendship. - 957

SEEKS PENPALS

Young Asian-American, 23, new to gay scene, seeks friendship with others to share thoughts, ideas and interests. - 959

SENSITIVE BI WOMAN

SWF, 30ish, sensitive, caring bi woman; incarcerated. Non-violent. OUT SOON! Seeks BWF for friendship, possible relationship. Photo if possible. Ke Helms, #18405, P.O. Box 1989, Ely, Nevada 89301

BUTCH/FEMME

SPARKS!

We've struggled just to be ourselves and love ourselves in a world which detests our differences. You the "Outlaw," Diamond-in-the-rough Butch; me the Butchy Femme who's journeyed here over rarely traveled paths. We each bring glowing embers of what's possible. Together, in the middle years of our lives, those sparks can burst into incredible leather and lace flames! Yearning in New Mexico. - 961

BEAUTIFUL, BLUE-EYED, BLOND BUTCH

5'7, 145 lbs, 40, into working out, professional. I'm a mix between a Mercedes and a Harley/a Guppy and a James Dean Rebel! If you are Femme, pretty, soft, sexy, with a sense of humor, you should write to me this moment! Northampton, MA and Miami, FL a real plus, but will answer all. No androgynies, please. Caliente Latinal in Miami-Yes! - 943

ARE YOU OUT THERE?

23 yr. old, wht, Butch/Femme, seeking the woman to make me full. If you like romantic walks on the beach, a night of tender loving, or just need someone to talk to, write me. Penpals also welcome. ☎ 1402

ST LOUIS STONE BUTCH

I'm looking for a woman to please. You must be agile, flirtatious, and out of the closet. Enjoying a little bondage is a plus. Write to box-1281

TRANSEXUAL/BISEXUAL

BI FEMME SEEKS SAME

Attractive femme bi girl looking for same, for friendship, fun, giving and receiving massages, photo sessions, girl watching, lingerie and more. Dallas-Ft. Worth area. Send picture with letter. - 953

LOOKING FOR UNLIMITED KINKINESS

Chinese BI-F, 25, slender 5'6", 105 lb., educated, married, 2 children, seeking Bi-F who desires honest gentle sharing, friendship leading to absolute love, committment, permanence as family member with me and exceptional husband. Unlimited kinkiness, passion, love, pregnancies, family together. ☎ 1270

LESBIAN TRANSSEXUAL

Attractive petite pre-op transsexual looking for that special someone for play and/or relaitonship. I have been living as a woman half of my life with hormornal breasts. I enjoy dancing, movies, S/M, B/D, reading and long walks. Write to box - 1271

BUTTERCUP

Why don't you zip me up, zip me up, buttercup baby...and take me out, take me out for a ride with you. I need you. I need you on your bike again, baby.

OCTOPUS WOMAN

Been doin' it lefty style. We love it.! Happy new adventures, TN & Nemo! Cindy...Get Me,tho. Dollbaby & Jade...happy new pad.. M....Get your ass here, now, beautiful! Love...

BULLETIN BOARD

SEEKING ABUSE SURVIVORS

Tina Wilson, Box K-1130, Knox, Galesburg, IL 61401, would like to hear from adult female survivors of child abuse (emotional, physical or sexual), for anthology of writings by and for women.

LESBIAN EROTIC ANTHOLOGY

From the single lesbian to the married bi sex radical, to the soft butch with brains to every woman who has ever wanted (to fuck) a woman—we want your submissions. The hard and fast—one story at a time, up to 5000 words. Up to 6 poems. Send SASE to Anthology, P.O. Box 440478, Sommerville, MA 02144. Deadline June 1.

DOOMED RABBIT SEEKS RECIPES

Seattle's Leather community is assembling a collection of recipes for cookbook Doomed Rabbit, that will benefit Washington Citizen's for Fairness. Several food categories are open, as well as a "accoutrements" category for after dinner recipes (massage oil, etc.) For more info on how to submit recipes or help stamp out bigotry in Washington, send an SASE to The Cook Book Project, 1202 East Pike Street #565, Seattle, WA 98122-3934

LESBIAN AIDS PROJECT NEWSLETTER

is calling for submissions (300-500 words) of letters, memoirs, articles, essays, poetry or papers concerning your lives and experiences as HIV-positive lesbians, bisexual women and other women who partner with women. Send to: Lesbian AIDS Project, Gay Mens Health Crisis, 129 West 20th St, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011.

SPINSTERS SEEKS MANUSCRIPTS

Spinsters Ink is currently seeking full-length novels and non-fiction works that deal with significant issues in women's lives from a feminist perspective. For guidelines contact Spinsters at P.O. Box 300170, Minneapolis, MN 55403-5170 (612)377-0287

LESBIAN BELLYDANCERS

Anyone knowing of where to get good bellydance videos, costumes, books, etc., please call. I would super appreciate it! ☎ 1111

SEEKING MONTANA COMPANIONS

Adventurous W/F seeking bi or lesbian companions for skiing, movies, dining out, and sensual pleasures in Western Montana. - 955

SSA, SSI BENEFITS FOR HIV+ PERSONS

A Guide to Social Security and SSI Disability Benefits for People with HIV Infection is a recently updated brochure available through your local Social Security office or by calling 1-800-772-1213. Addresses many topic including eligibility requirements, how to file and application, Medicare and Medicaid. Available in Spanish. Calls are confidential.

MISTRESS CATHRYN

Please call or write On Our Backs immediately regarding your advertisement.

POWERSURGE 1994

Upcoming S/M Leather Dyke conference is Labor Day weekend, Sept. 2-5. Organizers expect this to be the largest and most successful women's leather event ever. For information write Powersurge at 1202 E. Pike #819, Seattle, WA 98122 or call (206)233-8429. Registration and work exchange available.

LOOKING FOR COUNTRY LESBIANS

Country lesbians wondering if there are others out there who would like to read a magazine by, for and about lesbians and gays in the heartland. For more information write to Lavender Country, P.O. Box 87, San Gregorio, CA 94074.

ARAB LESBIAN ANTHOLOGY

Arab Lesbian and Bisexual Women Tell Their Stories is an anthology of writing by lesbian and bisexual women from around the world. The purpose of the book is to break the silence about Arab lesbian and bi women. Submissions sought from women of different generations, different countries, and different socio-economic backgrounds. Deadline is June 15. Please send SASE to P.O. Box 460526, San Francisco, CA 94114.

CALL FOR SESSIONS

Women's Voices/Women's Powers: Theory, Action, Transformation, the Fourth Annual Women's Studies Conference, is seeking papers, panels and discussions. Deadline for proposal is June 10. Conference is October 1-2, in New Haven, Connecticut.

PMS HUNTING CLUB

Menstruation getting you down? Try a little comic relief. P.M.S. Hunting Club is looking for charter members. Membership includes PMS Hunting license, certificate of membership, bumper stickers and a years sub to PMS Monthly. Send $19.95 to P.M.S. Hunting Club, P.O.Box 1267, North Hampton, NH 03862

DIVERSIFICATION, IT'S WONDERFUL!!!

El Puente's mission is to enhance contact between Latinas and other cultures. Up until now we have catered to the lives of gay men and their needs for a Spanish/English personals magazine. We want to service the lesbian community by incorporating your ads in our publication. For more info, call 1-800-949-2456.

"S/M" ACTIVITIES

HOUSEHOLD SLAVE GIRL WANTED

Lesbian couple desires woman into service. Applicant must perform tasks - household chores, massage, boot shining... Additionally, she would receive loving, yet serious domination. Applicant is sane, responsible and loyal-sense of humor a plus. We are caring and sensitive and think John Preston is near God. NYC Location. ☎ 1065

WORLDWIDE SLAVE SEARCH

Wealthy young heiress seeks whipping boy or girl willing to be trained by professional dominatrix or master to serve my wildest sensual desires. Obedient nature much more important that looks or circumstance. Will consider only those responding with SASE. K. Johannson, P.O. Box 7466, West Columbia, SC 29171.

DYKE DADDY WANTED

by "the most beautiful boy in the world," 5-8, 150, bleached blond flattop, devoted son, needs Daddy's guidance, his firm but loving hand. Out of role, I'm 35 y.o., dyke, college prof. Other games, especially gender play, OK. Intelligent, L.A. area only. ☎ 1068

SEEKING CORRESPONDENCE

GWF, 31, very feminine blond submissive, seeks correspondence with dominant women, other submissives. Meeting possible with right women, can travel for weekends, vacations. Interests: B & D, mild S & M. Promise frank, explicit letters, maybe more if compatible. No money involved. Will answer all. - 954

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PARENTING RESOURCES

LOVE MAKES A FAMILY

Gay and Lesbian Parents Coalition International is an organization of lesbian moms, gay dads, our partners, would-be parents and our children. For newsletter, annual conference or member info contact: P.O. Box 50360, Washington, D.C. 20091 (202)583-8029

INFORMATION ON LESBIAN PARENTING

The Lyon-Martin Women's Service's Center has been sponsoring programs on lesbians having children for over five years. They offer referrals, counseling, information and seminars of alternative insemination, adoption and co-parenting. For more information contact (415)565-7674.

LOOKING FOR CHILDREN OF LESBIANS

Tamar Gershon, a pediatrician and director of the Rainbow Clinic—the country's only pediatric clinic for children with lesbian or gay parents—is doing an extensive study on children with lesbian parents. The study is meant to add to the existing information on children with lesbian parents, and can be used positively in future custody cases. Gershon is looking for children of all cultural backgrounds, ages 11-18, who have biological or adoptive lesbian parents. For more information, please call (415)476-1777.

RESOURCES

OTHER NATIONAL RESOURCES

For legal referrals or information, networking or suppport referrals contact one of the following:

National Center for Lesbian Rights, 1663 Mission St. 5th Fl., San Francisco, CA 94103 or (415)621-0674

National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, 1734 14th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20009 or (202)332-6483

SEX, INTIMACY AND CULTURE

A symposium exploring the relationship of sex to marriage, art, humor, culture, and intimacy. Speakers and workshop leaders will be Annie Sprinkle, David Steinberg, Joseph Kramer, Pat Califia, James Hillman, Susie Bright, Paul Krassner, Sobonfu, Malidoma Some and Carol Queen. Topics will include "The Erotic Frontier," pornography, "Sex in the 90's," and "Indigenous Views of Intimacy and Sex." Sponsored by the Beatrice M. Bain Group on Women and Gender, and the UC Berkeley Women's Studies Department. For info call 510-236-2030.

YOUNG? LESBIAN? BISEXUAL?

Reach out to others your own age through the mail. Make friends locally or throughout the United States. The Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center's Youth Dept. runs a penpal program for young lesbians, bisexuals and gay men, ages 13-23. To get an application call the Gay and Lesbian Youth Talkline at (213)993-7475 or (818)508-1802.

HELP SISTER SPIRIT

To help Sister Spirit, the feminist retreat under siege by fundamentalists, send donations to Sister Spirit, 1806 Curcor Drive, Gulfport, MS 39507; or call (601)344-1411. Sister Spirit, Inc. is a 501(c)(3) IRS recognized, charitable organization.

PUBLICATIONS

BAD ATTITUDE

It's 48 pages of lesbian lust with an emphasis on SM and BD. Hot photos, articles, reviews and sizzling fiction. This magazine is banned in England and Canada and is highly controversial. 4-6 issues/year. BA, PO Box 390110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

ETCETERA MAGAZINE

Visiting Atlanta and/or the southeast? Let Etcetera Magazine, the south's premier lesbian & gay publication, show you the way. Weekly features include "Dyke About", "Homoculture", plus a whole lot more! Send $2 for 1 issue to EM, PO Box 8916, Atlanta GA 30306.

LAMBDA BOOK REPORT

Like to be on top? Learn about every new lesbian and gay book in each new issue of Lambda Book Report, $19.95/yr (6 issues). $3.95 sample to: LBR, 1625 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20009. (800) 621-6969.

METROLINE

New England's longest publishing lesbian & gay news and features magazine offers provocative interviews including Annie Sprinkle, Sandra Bernhard, and Dorothy Allison. Also: calendar, expanded arts section, news, horoscopes, personals and more. Subscribe $45 /26 issues. Send CK/MO to: 495 Farmington Ave., Hartford, CT 06105. (800) 678-7944.

MIGHT MAGAZINE

It's a goddamn brain picnic for the young and restless! From scathing media commentary to alternative career resources, Might is truly an opiate of the few and far between. Smashing! $20/yr (6 issues) 544 2nd Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.

NEW DIRECTIONS FOR WOMEN

Times demand that women's voices be heard! Political and progressive, reaching more than 65,000 readers, our 6 issues a year cover the women's best: politics, health, grassroots activism, racism, homophobia, sexism...and more. We critique pop culture from a "blissfully biased" feminist perspective. Sample $3. Write: NDW, PO Box 3000, Denville, NJ 07834-3000 or call (800) 562-1973.

NORTHWEST LESBIANS

The LCR Community News is the Northwest's only lesbian paper. News, features, commentary, events. Published monthly by the Lesbian Resource Center. $15/yr. 1208 E. Pine, Seattle, WA 98122.

OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS

Find out what's next in the forefront of lesbian/gay rights. Subscribe to Out in the Mountains, Vermont's newspaper for lesbians, gay men, and bisexuals. Write! $20/yr. (11 issues) OINTM, PO Box 177, Burlington, VT 05402.

OUTLINES

Outlines Monthly: Gay/lesbian international, national, and midwest news, features, interviews, viewpoints, etc. Nightlines Weekly: Chicago area entertainment, events, humor, views. OUT!: Twice-yearly Chicago-based resource guide. $4 gets sample of all products: Lambda Publications, Dept. OOB, 3059 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657.

PHILADELPHIA GAY NEWS

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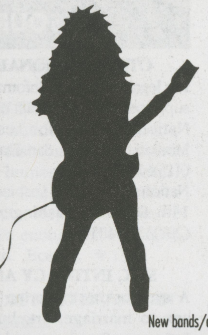

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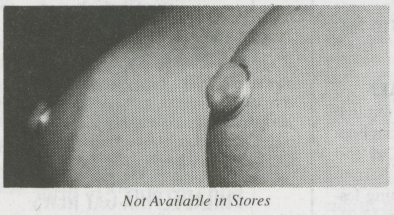

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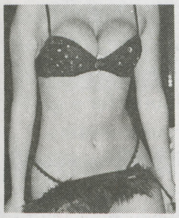

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On Our Backs' Sexual Travel Guide
New York City

BY JULIE TOLENTINO AND CATHERINE SAALFIELD

Alone, surveying the bar, I see hundreds of new faces. Babes are scoping, checking out the newest chicks to hit the dance floor, fresh from the coatcheck. My men's blazer grazes the surface of my lapis beaded nipples, and a thread of salty liquid drips down my torso. The scene whirls to the sound of acid-deep-funky-ambient-moody beat.

I saw her earlier by the pool table. We chatted. We danced. About now her hands are roaming around my back, slipping a tactile message straight down my jeans. Both of us sense a score in inning one of the game called cruising, a conquest on the public frontier of Dyke Night Out.

Are we all on the same wavelength here? Are you hot for some action during New York City's jam packed month of June? Here we're celebrating **Stonewall 25, Leather Celebration '94, Gay Games IV**, and world's largest ever **Gay Pride Parade.**

And, yes, sisters are revolutionizing Manhattan nightlife. Our Goddess visits us in the form of our favorite go-go dancer, and we worship Her accordingly. We've borrowed from our gay brothers, and brushed up on our herstory in preparation for throngs of hungry women to descend on this welcoming metropolis.

Let's start getting down by pumping up. In New York City, lesbians cruise at gyms just as much as anyone else. So slip into some comfy sweats and slide up to the sweet, sticky, strong women in the gyms. **World Gym** (404 Lafayette St.), **Powerhouse** (146 W. 23rd St.), **Better Bodies** (22 W. 19th St.) or **Molly Fox Studios** (27 W. 20th St.) are some lesbian faves. Afterwards, bare all at the **10th Street Baths** (268 E. 10th St.), especially on women-only Wednesdays, where you can experience eucalyptus flogging in the public arena.

Once you've zipped your jeans, cruise Manhattan's X-rated shopping venues. Check out the latest in latex, leather, and sex toys at **Eve's Garden** (119 E. 57th St.), **The Leatherman** (111 Christopher St.), or the **Clit Club Boutique** (Friday nights only, at 432 W. 14th St.).

Since we're honoring the rebellious spirit of Stonewall, why not freely express yourself by "customizing" your body? Dyke skin artist **Alistair Fate** will be on-hand all month for your tattooing needs (call 212-529-3300 for consultation). **The Gauntlet** (144 Fifth Ave.) is a sure place to check out newly pierced babes and perhaps find your playmate for **Leather Celebration '94**, held June 23-26 at the Grand Hyatt (E. 42nd St. at Park Ave.). Special women-only, dungeon parties are promised by the **Lesbian Sex Mafia** (call LSM at 212-222-9222 for more info).

As for regular bars, virtually everyone—tourists and locals alike—begins her night prowling, by visiting either women-owned **Henrietta Hudson's** (448 Hudson St.; other bodily needs can be satisfied at the adjoining **Feed and Grain Cafe**), or **D.J.'s Fat Cats**. You can also bring your stick to **Crazy Nanny's** (21 Seventh Ave. South) for a game of pool. All aim to please in the fervor of NYC's girlie cruise-o-rama.

Both of us are truly devoted to NYC's legendary **Clit Club** (432 W. 14th St./212-366-5680; though Julie's biased becaue she owns the place.) The newly expanded space is still packed every week with diverse beauties, go-go dancers (who will doubtless inspire you to stuff bills into their g-strings), and the soulful sounds of DJ Toni C. A very cruisey pool table, safe sex supplies, and a romantic back room promise that—no matter where a girl starts out on a Friday—she'll end up giving her all at the Clit.

Depending on your mood, you can opt instead for intimate company, sapphic slide shows, and other visual stimuli all day or late evenings at the **Lesbian Herstory Archives**. Call them in Brooklyn (718-768-3953) and ask about their special Pride month events.

The best scoring of all may happen before and after the sporting events at the **Gay Games**. Girljocks and their fans can call 212-633-9494 for the complete program.

June is also packed with special one-time events. After the curling irons cool, tuck your chain neatly into your back pocket, jump in a taxi, and dance to the throbbing beat of the country's best d.j.'s at **Out in New York '94** events while donating money to DIFFA and Broadway Cares. *OUT* magazine has produced a mini-mag to help you negotiate the wealth of entertaining girl parties. For starters, there's the **Sunset in Manhattan Cruise** (June 23), **Girlworld** at Industrial Superstudios (June 25) and the crowning **Girlball** on Stonewall (June 26). All include your favorite celebrities, performances, comics and so on.

On the 25th, you can also choose between the hyper-active Lesbian Avengers, who will be partying at the **Lesbian and Gay Community Center** (208 W. 13th St.), or the official **Lesbian Pride Dance** (718-788-3513). Contact Stonewall 25 (212-439-1031) for Rally and March info.

We have advised you where you can find the babes, although you might not be able to do them right then and there...but then again, if you've lubed up your slick charm, got your latex taut and ready, well, anything's possible. Happy Pride 25!

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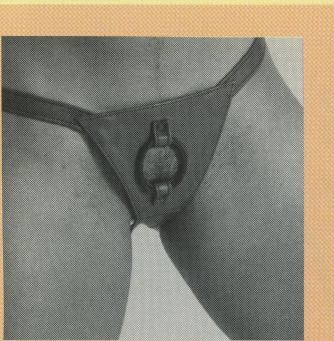

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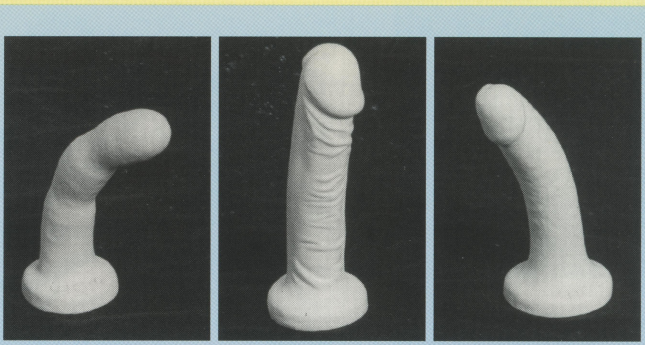

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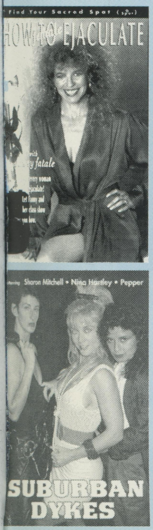

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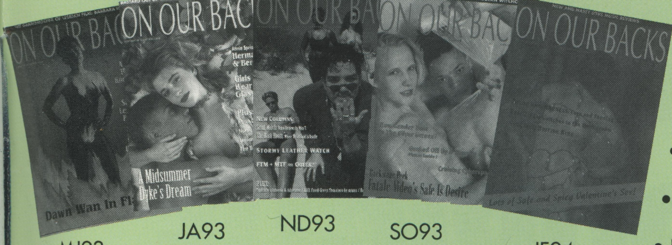

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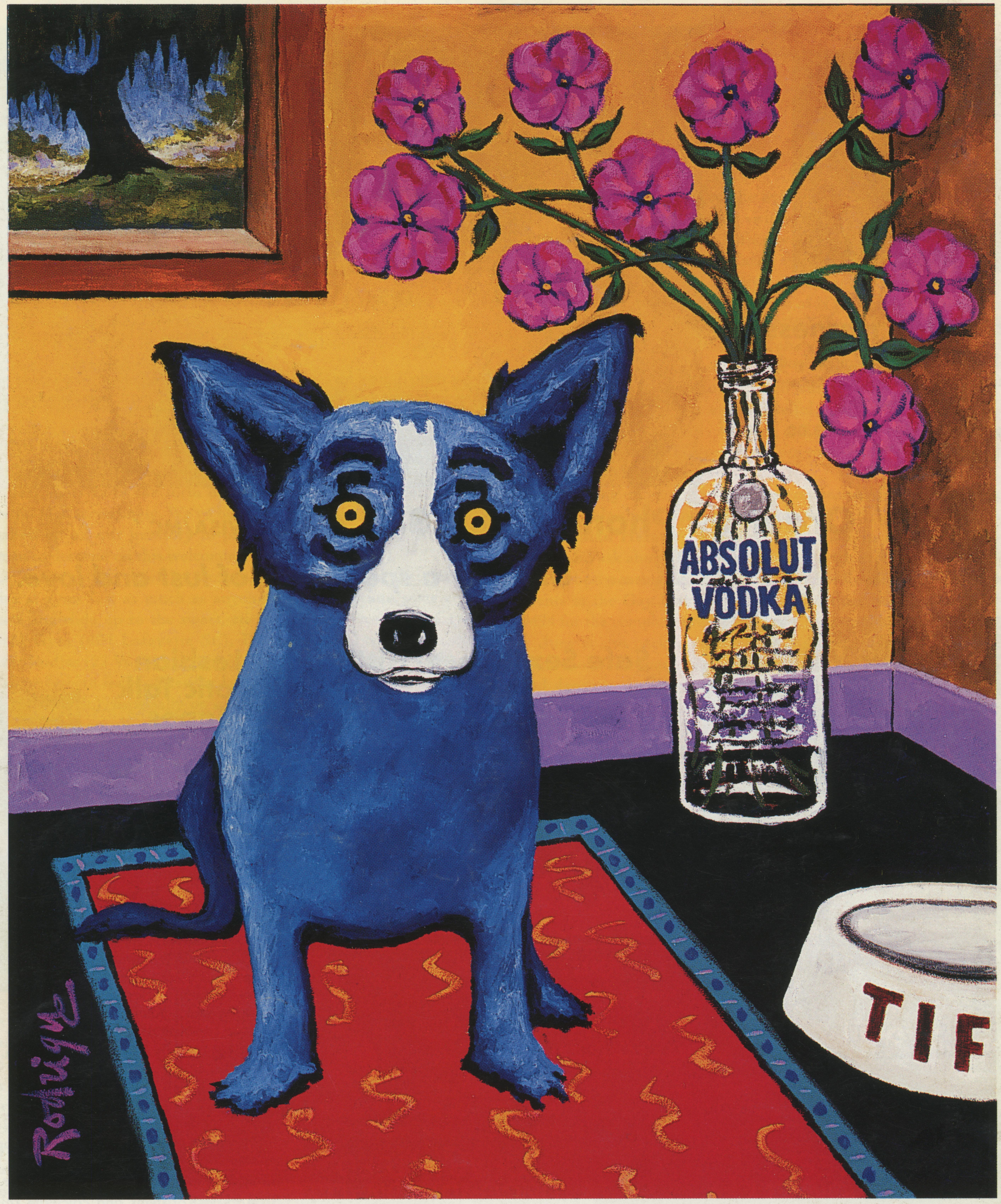

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